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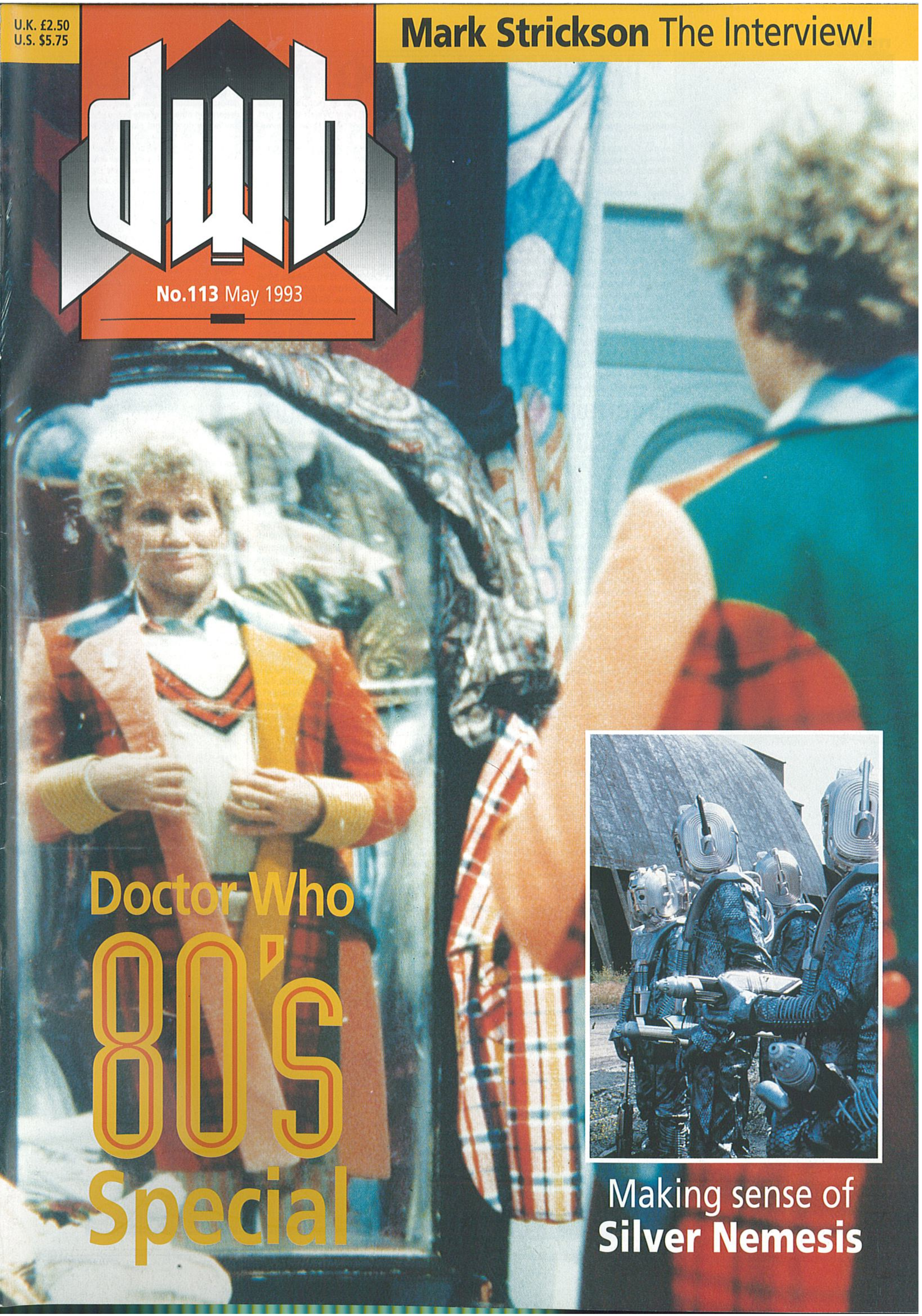
No.113 May 1993

Mark Strickson The Interview!



Doctor Who 80's Special

Making sense of **Silver Nemesis**

The British Journal
of Telefantasy
PO Box 1015, Brighton BN2 2YU

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Another issue, another panic as you find the layout you want to change is locked-off!

Despite the new layout for the news pages, I find myself with little space for an editorial. I'll therefore restrict myself to hoping that we didn't embarass anyone caught out by our April Fool too much, and noting that we did embarass ourselves by refering to 'Network Supremacy' last cover in relation to three shows, none of which are run by a network! Next issue will be published around a week late on the 27th May, to coincide with Manopticon. See you then.

ANTHONY

TO ORDER NEXT ISSUE (DWB 114, June 1993): send a crossed cheque/PO payable to DWB for £3.00 (£3.40 for card-reinforced first-class envelope) or US$5.75 to DWB 114, 5 Whitegate Gardens, Harrow-Weald, Middlesex HA3 6BW.

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"THE DOOR IS NOT YET CLOSED"

BBC1 Controller Alan Yentob has commented on DOCTOR WHO for the first time since he was confirmed in that post.

Perhaps in sympathy for another show that fought CORONATION STREET and lost, the critically panned ratings flop ENTERTAINMENT EXPRESS included a report on DOCTOR WHO in its final edition on April the 2nd (transcript below). Illustrated by clips taken, for the most part, from *Resistance is Useless*, it featured comments from Ian Levine, Andrew Beech (credited as representing the DWAS, though he officially has no links to them!), DWAS Co-ordinator Steve Wickham and three former Doctors. Of the three, Peter Davison came over as the most genuinely concerned for the future of the series, while Colin Baker took the opportunity to make some tongue-in-cheek observations on more fanatical fans, and Jon Pertwee addressed the question of whether **he** would come back as DOCTOR WHO! In some respects, the report had elements of surreal comedy about it - Ian Levine appeared with the head of the (Cyber)Controller (in a subtle reminder to Alan Yentob of the fate of his predecessor?), and Jon Pertwee's comment about being too old to fall off motorbikes was illustrated by a clip of Terry Walsh doing just that, while, if the captions were to be believed, Steve Wickham and Andrew Beech were subjected to a bizarre body-swap experiment prior to their appearance!

With the actual report saying little, Alan Yentob's statement did much the same, prompting Selina Scott to comment "whatever that might mean."

FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

Alan Yentob's appearance on GOOD MORNING WITH NICK AND ANNE on the 14th April however brought comments of rather more substance. Visibly unsettled during a phone-in by a call about DOCTOR WHO (which Nick Owen noted was one of many they'd received) he stated "I don't want to be the hate-object of DOCTOR WHO fans, I think I should be the love object of DOCTOR WHO fans because I have been putting DOCTOR WHO on on BBC2 for the last year or two. I'll tell you this, I would not rule out the possibility of DOCTOR WHO returning, [but] on the other hand it's a big venture, it's a show which has rested for a while, it's quite a difficult decision to make, and I think it will also depend on other interests in the show. So all I'll say is the door is not closed to DOCTOR WHO returning". At the prompting of Anne Diamond (who would appear to be a fan, as she greeted mention of the show with great enthusiasm!) he confirmed that this meant new DOCTOR WHO. "I don't want to be attacked in three years time or four years time if it still hasn't arrived, but on the other hand I haven't closed the door to DOCTOR WHO returning completely. [And] you will get classic series of DOCTOR WHO repeated on the BBC, I can promise you that."

COMMENT

I can see the reaction in some quarters aready. "Might? Three or four years time? Treachery! He's trying to wriggle out of giving us a new series!" I prefer a different view - that we're now getting some honesty from the Beeb, and after four years of hollow promises that the series will one day return, that seems like a miracle in itself!

There are several interpretations which can be placed on Alan Yentob's remarks. It could be that he wants to bring the series back, but that terms dictated by the other interests he mentions (Enterprises?) are making this difficult. Or it could be that he's still thinking it over. That would certainly make sense. One effect of the hiatus is that the 'benefit of the doubt' has turned against us. In 1989, it was up to Jonathan Powell to prove that DOCTOR WHO **couldn't** be successfully revamped before cancelling it - which is why he 'merely took it off for a rethink.' Now, however, Yentob must feel sure that he **can** successfully revamp it before bringing it back - because if he tries, and it fails, "I did it to keep the fans happy" will not be an excuse acceptable to his superiors...

Or it could be that he's planning to end the show. But he clearly knows what we thought of Powell, and that we won't be fobbed off with half-truths, so he knows he'll have to give us a reason for doing so. And if that reason isn't adequate, we can challenge it with *reasoned argument*.

And that's the point. Personally, I think that up till now, we could have had proof signed by God that DOCTOR WHO was worth bringing back and it wouldn't have got us anywhere. Now, we have someone who is not averse to DOCTOR WHO in control of the series' future, and if we can convince him that it does **have** a future it **will** come back. But Alan Yentob was not responsible for the pledges of the past few years, and angry demands that he honour them will not, unfortunately, get us anywhere, however much it might damage the BBC's reputation in our eyes if he doesn't. He deals with the present, not the past.

We do however have one advantage - with so much of Powell's legacy, from A YEAR IN PROVENCE right through the disappointing RIFF RAFF ELEMENT to WESTBEACH (viciously described by one critic as 'ELDORADO meets HI-DE-HI') under-performing, the mere fact that DOCTOR WHO was out of favour under his regime should count in its favour! But we cannot demand DOCTOR WHO back as a right. We have to prove its worth. Now is the time to do it, and it will take quiet, calm, sensible persuasion.

And if we haven't got either an explanation or a series by this time next year, then we can always get back on our high-horse and start screaming with outrage again. But for now, let's play it cool.

Anthony Brown

Entertainment Express Transcript

Selina Scott : Well, there's still plenty of Doctor Who fans out there whose enthusiasm is as strong as it was when the last series was made in 1989. And with the 30th anniversary of the first show later this year, and with the appointment of a new BBC1 controller many fans hope that this may be the moment to see their favourite show re-commissioned by the BBC. Andi Peters found out what the fans think is so special about Doctor Who. He began by meeting some of the ex-Doctors.

Colin Baker: If you talk to people who don't call themselves fans, and ask them if they think Doctor Who should come back, I think they would probably say, especially people with children, that they would like to think that their children had their own Doctor.

Peter Davison: It has a tremendous potential as a programme and there is a great audience waiting list. There is no science fiction show on at the moment, Doctor Who has a ready made audience. Why isn't it on?

Jon Pertwee: Go for it, I'm 100% behind it. I mean the chances of my playing the part of Doctor Who are nil but that doesn't matter. The enthusiasm for the programme should be given the full backing of the Doctors club.

Andi Peters: With the greatest respect for the gentlemen I've just met, Doctor Whos may come and go but then that's what they're famous for. These chaps here, Daleks, now to be found in the BBC Visual Effects props store are so famous that they have been able to find their way into the English dictionary, where they're described as mobile mechanical beings. But look, I'm no leading authority on this kind of stuff, the real experts are the fans who say that no-one is listening to their pleas to bring back Doctor Who.

Ian Levine: The one thing about Doctor Who had that was unique, that so few programmes had was that it really stimulated the imagination. It made you think about the possibilities of time travel and history. I mean it could take a historical subject which was bland and make you really enjoy it.

Peter Davison: There is a certain segment there punching right the way through our society that thinks of me as the Doctor, which is sort of nice. But they usually say where's your TARDIS, or why didn't you come in your TARDIS, that's a favourite one, to which I say well, if I had I wouldn't be here, I'd be 200 years ago or something, because it never ends up where its meant to.

Jon Pertwee: I'm a bit long in the tooth I think for the activity required as Doctor Who, because my Doctor was very orientated towards gadgetry or riding motorbikes, speedboats or strange motor-cars. I think falling off motorbikes at my age wouldn't be very sensible.

Colin Baker: I would say that I liked Doctor Who, I wouldn't call myself a fan in the sense that I've seen in the assiduous behaviour of a large number of fans who eat sleep and drink it - in fact I can go several days without thinking about Doctor Who.

Steve Wickham: Everybody knows the TARDIS, everybody knows what a Dalek is, and its one of these things that should be continued. It's not fair that it should just disappear, finished.

Andrew Beech: Well I think that if the fans could really finally get to the bottom of who has the power to bring back Doctor Who they would do their utmost to lock him in a room and sit him down with all the facts and figures and basically not allow him to leave until he recognises that the show is potentially dynamite and have some sort of firm commitment to bring it back.

Peter Davison : I feel pretty strongly that Doctor Who should come back, I just think that it should come back in a slightly rethought form...

Andi Peters: If the series was to come back from the past, the Doctor's first adventure would have to be a visit to the scenery dock at TV centre because somewhere occupying a small space is an innocent police box. Now it may look a bit dusty and it may need a new coat of paint, but you never know, it might still work...

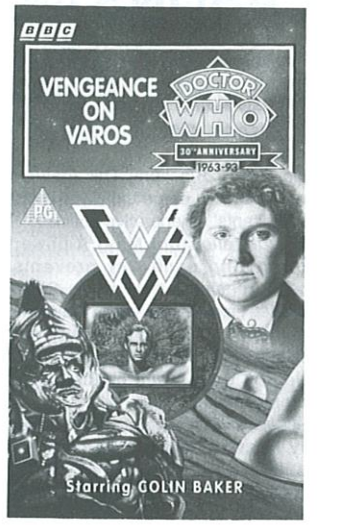
Selina Scott: Well the Controller of BBC1 Alan Yentob today told Entertainment Express that a new series of Doctor Who may return to the schedules in the future, whatever that may mean...

DOCTOR WHO
CLASSIC COMICS
FREE GIANT POSTER
YOU ARE UNDER ARREST DOCTOR
The First Doctor, in full colour, suffers the Ordeals of Demeter and encounters The Go-Ray!
Plus: Meet the Fifth Doctor in the Marvel strips!

DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE
FREE GIANT POSTER!!
THE EVIL OF THE DALEKS
DAVID WHITAKER

Above : *Doctor Who Classic Comics 7*;
Right : The gatefold cover to *DWM200*.

Return of the Twin Packs



Above : Vengeance on Varos, the 'first' of the 30th Anniversary videos, to be released in May, a month **after** *Terror!*

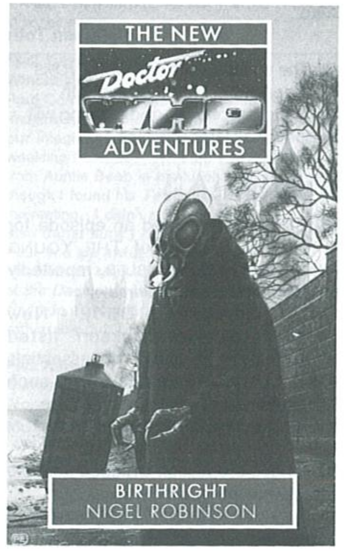
June: *The Invasion* (Twin Pack)
The Keeper of Traken
July: *The Silurians*
(Colourised Twin Pack)
August : *The Curse of Peladon*
September :
Remembrance of the Daleks
The Chase (Twin Pack)

TWIN PACKS dominate BBC Video's *expected* releases for the summer, but their price is to be cut to £16.99, bringing them into line with the BBC's 'Complete season...' comedy twin packs, and ITC's SAPPHIRE AND STEEL tapes. This should remove most fan objections to the twin packs, which will now be no worse value than the average four parter. *Silver Nemesis*, however, runs to **140 minutes** on a single tape! Readers prepared to shop around should be able to find them even cheaper, as the cost-cutting war which saw most of the Christmas blockbusters (*Terminator, Batman Returns*) cut to under a tenner has spread, with Our Price and WH Smiths knocking a pound off their chart tapes, and Woolworths making wider discounts. Who said the recession didn't have a silver lining (for some)?

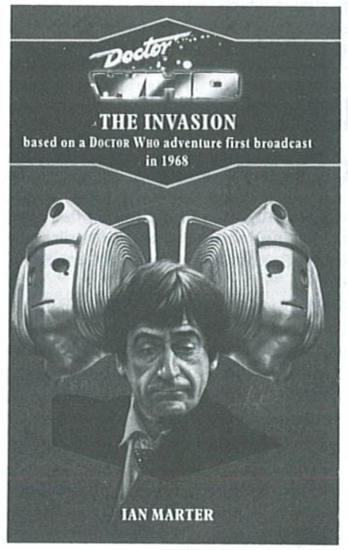
October and November should see the release of four 'fan's choice' videos, which will be the most popular unreleased stories as determined by DWM's latest series survey. *Inferno, The Sea Devils, The Seeds of Doom* and *Resurrection of the Daleks* seem likely choices.

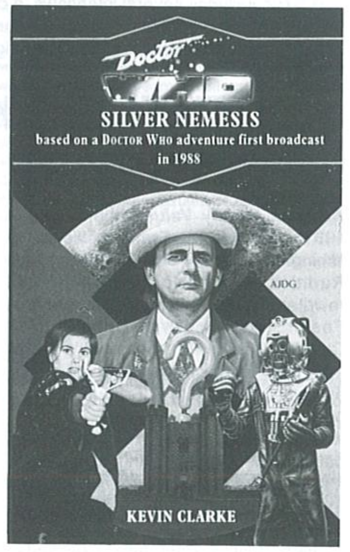
Alister Pearson is pictured left with his cover for the reprint of *The Leisure Hive*, to be released in October along with a version of *The Daemons* using the video cover artwork. Alister hopes that the cover will also be used in David Howe's *Timeframe*, which will feature at least fifteen of Alister's book covers (out of the 52 included in total) - more than any other artist. If it is, it will be the only Tom Baker portrait of his included (though the provisional list has changed in the past, and might change again), and ironically shows Tom not looking like the Doctor!

Below: *Birthright* (August); *Iceberg, The Invasion & Silver Nemesis* (September).



THE NEW
Doctor WHO
ADVENTURES
ICEBERG
DAVID BANKS





TOMB ON AUDIO

***The Tomb** of the Cybermen* is to be released on BBC Audio with narration by Jon Pertwee in June. *Tomb* had of course been scheduled for release last year, but was pulled when the story was unearthed in Hong Kong. Jon Pertwee had reportedly lobbied for the audio release to go ahead at the time, and its appearance now may be connected to his involvement in BBC Audio's 'radio WHO' project. Despite the video's massive sales, the audio version is still likely to perform well, as similar releases of THUNDERBIRDS and INSPECTOR MORSE episodes already available on video have consistently made the charts.

Meanwhile, the original recordings of *Power of the Daleks* and *Fury from the Deep* have now been copied to Digital Audio Tape and are with the project engineer. Assuming that he gives the go-ahead (and critics have suggested that in his quest for sound quality he is missing the point of releasing these remnants...) production of the links should begin as soon as Tom Baker's schedule allows. BBC Audio now hope to release *Power* in August, with *Fury* to follow in September.

UK GOLD SCHEDULES

UK GOLD resume their Sunday Omnibus of DOCTOR WHO on the 25th April with *The Sea Devils*, after a gap of several weeks which has brought the omnibus back into line with the weekday screenings. Sunday schedules for the next few months are as follows:

25th April	*The Sea Devils*
2nd May	*Carnival of Monsters*
9th May	*Colony in Space*
16th May	*The Ambassadors of Death* (I)
23rd May	*The Ambassadors of Death* (II)
30th May	*Inferno*
6th June	To be announced.
13th June	*The Mutants*
20th June	*The Mind of Evil*

RED LIGHT FOR GREEN LIGHT?

HUSHED RUMOURS abound that a consortium other than Green Light (aka Coast to Coast) has raised the funds for the DOCTOR WHO movie. Dire Straits bass player John Illsley is said to be involved in the consortium. Robin Williams is this month's rumour for the movie Doctor...

Meawhile, Felice Arden of Green Light visited BBC Enterprises in early April, and speculation is rife that they may have wished to check on Green Light's 'progress' while considering this other offer... Green Light have now been seeking finance for their WHO movie without success for over five years.

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Cover: Colin Baker as the Doctor; Insert - The Cybermen from *Silver Nemesis © BBC Video*.
Back Cover: Marina Sirtis as Deanna Troi in the sixth season of STAR TREK - THE NEXT GENERATION.

THANKS TO: Alan Stevens, Duncan Harvey, Gary Russell, Vicki Thomas at BBC Video, BDS Listings & Virgin Books.

NEXT ISSUE : Michael Kilgarrif Interview
Blood on his Hands - The Violent Doctor
Red Dwarf Cast Interview
The Alternative Making of Silver Nemesis
Power of the Daleks - The Script and Novel
Deep Space Nine
The Full Circle - The Final Part
and Quantum Leap - the books...

RED DWARF VI

WARNING - THIS ITEM REVEALS PLOT DETAILS

RED DWARF VI went into production at the start of 1993, with the full title of RED DWARF VI - THE SEARCH FOR RED DWARF. The series has a running plot in that the four main characters have become separated from the ship and are forced to pursue it across the universe in Starbug. As a result, Hattie Hayridge will not return as Holly. All episodes were recorded in Studio G at Shepperton, between 7.30pm and 10pm on Saturdays.

Episode one is *Psirens*, whose script has already been published in the book *Primordial Soup*. OB recording took place at Bankside Power station on the 10th & 11th February, and in a gravel pit on the12th before studio recording on the 20th February (with some pre-recording on the 18th). Later episodes were filmed at weekly intervals.

This episode opens 200 years after season five, with the crew finding RED DWARF's trail after their revival from suspended animation. Their course takes them through an asteroid belt teeming with genetically engineered life-forms with psychic powers - the Psirens. Guest cast includes Jenny Agutter (as Professor Mamet), Anita Dobson (as Captain Tau), Liz Anson, Zoe Hilson, Samantha Robson, Richard Ridings, Paul McGuinness and... CP Grogan as Christine Kochanski.

Call Me Legion had one day's OB recording on the 27th February at the Marco Polo building, former headquarters of BSB. The crew are drawn into a large space station where they meet its lone occupant - Legion. Although seemingly benign, they soon become suspicious of his motives... Nigel Williams joins the cast as Legion, while Rimmer's costume changes colour in deference to a major development in the character's concept...

Gunmen of the Apocalypse was recorded fourth, with night-time OB recording at Shepperton docks themselves on the 2nd March. When a simulant-introduced computer virus attacks all the main systems on Starbug, Kryten has to enter his own Virtual reality world to do battle with the virus... Jennifer Calvert stars as Loretta, Denis Lill plays the Simulant and doubles for Death, whilst Robert Inch is War, Mick Davies Famine and Jeremy Peters Pestilence.

Rimmerworld follows on from *Gunmen...* but was recorded the week before, with OB recording on the 2nd March at Streeter Sand quarry and some nearby woodland. The crew encounter the wreck of the Simulant ship and get split up, as Rimmer uses the craft's escape pod. Separated from the others for 600 years, he uses the pod's terrafoming to populate the planet - with himself. Graham Stevens, Ray Severn and Tim Fisher all play Rimmer, while Denis Lill returns as the Simulant.

The fifth episode is provisionally titled *Polymorph II - Emohawk* (all titles quoted are provisional) and is tipped to top the season polls. Starbug crashes once again, giving Kryten and Cat a chance to finally smash Lister's guitar. As things get out of hand, both Ace Rimmer and Duane Dibbley return...

Plot and cast details for the final episode are not yet available. Will the crew return to RED DWARF, or is this the end of the series for good? Find out, this autumn.

8 EXTRA PAGES! 2 FREE POSTCARDS! SMEGGIER THAN EVER BEFORE, IT'S THE NEW-LOOK...
RED DWARF
Smegazine
THE GARY GLITTER OF SPACE?
Craig Charles Confesses!
RED DWARF SCRIPT BOOKS TO BE WON!
EXCLUSIVE SERIES 6 LOCATION REPORT!
IT'S COOL FOR CATS!

Above is the cover for the May issue of the *Red Dwarf Smegazine,* which sees a major relaunch of the magazine. Volume two of the *Smegazine* will boast a larger format and 48 pages on improved paper for the same price of £1.50. The first new-look issue includes several interviews, a comic strip in which Lister faces an advanced tribe of Cats who hold him responsible for their religious wars, and an in-depth look at season one... A Forbidden Planet signing with cast appearances is planned for May.

WESLEY WANTS TO COME HOME!

(ENTERPRISE RAISES SHIELDS?)

SKY TO RUN SEASONS 4-6

Contrary to last issue's news-flash, BSKYB will not be running DEEP SPACE NINE from May the 2nd, as they have decided to hold the series back until the autumn. In the meantime however they will be stripping seasons four to six of THE NEXT GENERATION across weekdays from Monday May the 3rd.

Meanwhile, back in the States, Wil Wheaton has let it be known that he'd like to come back to TNG full time, as "few feature films are of the quality of TNG on TV." His fan club is already lobbying Paramount to take him up on his offer, but Berman and Piller aren't exactly falling over themselves to oblige...

The final NEXT GENERATION episodes for this season include:

Second Chances (formerly *A Tale of Two Rikers*), directed by Levar Burton, in which a second Riker appears and Troi gets some romance.

Timescape, the penultimate episode, is directed by Adam Nimoy, and features the Romulans and a DS9 runabout. Guest stars include Patricia Talliman of BABYLON FIVE, who also played a terrorist in *Starship Mine,* and is Nana Visitor's stunt double on DS9!

Descent ends the season with the return of the Borg, Hugh Borg and Lore in an episode written by Ronald Moore from a story by Jeri Taylor, which will be novelised by Diane Carey. Stephen Hawkings will be playing himself in a holodeck cameo, following on from a similar appearance by astronaut Mae Jemison in an earlier episode.

Over at DS9, changes to the uniforms are expected, which should involve the use of more spandex, and a look somewhat closer to the early TNG outfits, while the large alien frequently seen propping up the bar in Quark's is to be named Morn - in tribute to the similar character played by George Wendt in CHEERS!

The remaining episodes of DS9 this season are as follows:

The Vortex (19th April) Odo searches for his origins in the Gamma Quadrant, and finds his people, the Changelings, though few details are revealed... As of this episode, Odo sports a slightly modified make-up.

Battle Lines (26th April) This features a planet caught in perpetual war thanks to its inhabitants' regenerative abilities.

The Storyteller (3rd May) A powerful Bajoran who each day prevents a tornado transfers his power to O'Brien, but doesn't explain before he dies.

Progress (10th May) Bajor wishes to mine one of its moons. Kira and an elder played by Brian Keith oppose this for environmental reasons...

If Wishes were Horses (17th May) A story focusing on the crew's fantasies. Bashir's, predictably, involves Dax, Sisko's is about baseball (yawn), and O'Brien's is a fairytale. May be shown as*Wishes*.

The Foresaken (24th May) Lwaxana Troi visits DS9 and gets stuck in an elevator with Odo, as he nears the time when he must revert to his natural form.

Dramatis Personae (7th June)

Duet (14th June)

In the Hands of the Prophets (21st June) In the season finale, Kai Opaka criticises Keiko for teaching science but not religion as DS9 faces its equivalent of the 'Monkey Trial'. There will be no cliffhanger this season.

Mudslinging between the TREK and BABYLON FIVE camps continues unabated. According to J Michael Straczynski, BABYLON FIVE came fifth amongst syndicated shows with an average rating of 10.3, with TNG in second position, and DS9 at number eight. Among 'one hour' dramas, they took the top three places. Paramount people have however been challenging his figures for various cities and criticising the pilot as boring and slow, while David Gerrold has pointed out that the TV Guide reviewer who panned BABYLON FIVE was a close friend of two Paramount execs... As yet, no decision has been taken on BABYLON FIVE's future.

Kathleen Toth

THEY'RE KINKY AND THEY'RE KOOKY ?

Addams Family Values, the sequel to 1991's *The Addams Family* movie began filming on February 8th. Written by Paul Rudnick, who performed uncredited rewrites on the first movie, it concerns Fester's romance with Debbie (Joan Cusack), his newborn nephew's nanny from hell! Rudnick describes the sequel as "most innovative - it actually has a plot."

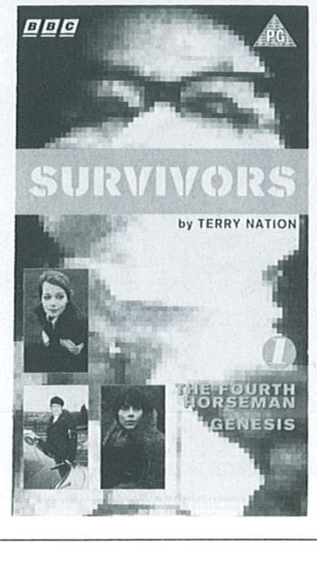
It also has a very kinky interlude between Debbie and Thing, according to *Premiere,* which gives a whole new incident to the phrase "Thank you, Thing."

Anjelica Huston, Raul Julia, Christopher Lloyd, Christina Ricci, Jimmy Workman, Carel Struycken and Christopher Hart (as Thing) return, along with director Barry Sonnenfield and producer Scott Rudkin.

New faces include baby Pubert (Pugsley's name until censors forbade it), Carol Kane replacing Judith Malina as Granny, and female impersonator /playwright Charles Busch (author of *Vampire Lesbians of Sodom!)* as Addams cousin Countess Aphasia Dubarry.

Barring a repeat of the production disasters which dogged the first movie, *Addams Family Values* should be in US theatres by November.

John S Hall



Left: The cover for the first SURVIVORS tape, released in March, which with different insert photos and wording will be used for all later releases.

briefly...

Colin Baker has filmed an episode for the second season of THE YOUNG INDIANA JONES CHRONICLES, reportedly cancelled for the second time...

CULT TV is safe on BBC2 - New Controller Michael Jackson listed THUNDERBIRDS as one of his essentials for the channel, explaining that such programmes form part of our heritage...

Still no word on the future of QUANTUM LEAP...

JNT's video production *Dragged from the Archives* has been shelved.

THE ADVENTURES OF RUBY returns to Radio Five on the 30th April.

The radio HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE is to be rerun by Radios 2 & 4 later this year...

GOTCHA!

Christopher Wood
Hackney

Like most fans, I was shocked and disgusted to read of the BBC's treatment of the 'lost' episode of *The Daemons.* No doubt BBC Enterprises will release it as the full unedited edition, throw in a free Bible and charge fans twenty quid. Keeping shot footage secret from the fans seems to be a forte of Auntie Beeb. How many fans know about the revelations in the original finale of *Survival?* Most noticeably the scene where the Doctor is killed by the Master and regenerates into JNT, who immediately reveals that he is God!

Cheryl Rotherby
Chesire

After reading the lead article in DWB112 on *The Daemons*, I find myself asking "what has been going on?" Why did the BBC keep this secret for over twenty years, and why has no-one who was involved with the story ever mentioned that a sixth episode existed before? Was it all part of a BBC cover-up and if they were so keen that no-one should find out the secret, why didn't they just erase all trace of the episode? I was most disappointed though that the prospect of ever seeing this controversial episode is virtually nil. Personally, I didn't buy *The Daemons* as I'd just seen it on TV. However had it contained that sixth episode, I would definitely have paid the money. I'm sure many other people feel the same way.

The whole business just seems like one big mess from start to finish, but many many thanks for being the first to report this news.

A Maguire
Glasgow

May I write to congratulate you on an excellent April Fool's joke in DWB 112. I refer, of course to the article headed 'Daemons - The Lost Episode'. This must rank as one of the best April Fool gags ever perpetrated - you even had me fooled for a while. Once again, congratulations to all involved.

CORNELL BLACK-BALLED!

Stephen Trump
Upminster

Ha ha ha, I'm still chuckling over your hilarious April fool wind-up in DWB112. Paul Cornell's review of *Terror of the Autons* was the most amusing piece I've read for some time - or was it meant to be serious? In which case, how dare the author of two mind-numbingly tedious novels dismiss this Pertwee classic in such terms. I trust this complaint wll not be the only one regarding this awful article. Incidently, I thought I might have spotted another article meant as an April Fool - episode six of *The Daemons?*

On a more positive note, I was absolutely delighted to read of all six episodes of MOONBASE THREE turning up (one of my friends thought I meant *The Moonbase* episode three!). I have vague memories of this shortlived series and still have the preview article from the *Radio Times*. More information please, and who knows, it may turn up on the shelves of my local Woolies soon!

Niall Turner
Winchester

Paul Cornell is a rotter and a bully! I can well imagine him stomping around the playground of our imagination thinking "Where's that limping weakling Pertwee? I'm sure I saw a new video from Auntie Beeb in his lunch box..." Seriously though I found his *Terror* review refreshing and interesting - I didn't agree with 99% of it, but I'm also damn sure I couldn't disprove 99% of it! Paul, you are awful, but I like you.

Needless to say I am thrilled with your discovery of *the Daemons* part six - is there any chance I could do a swap for *The Krotons* four-and-a-half with arabic dub?

Paul Raven
Romford

Words cannot express my horror at Paul Cornell's pathetic review of*Terror of the Autons.* I get the impression that he deliberately set out to antagonise and boy he succeeded! I thought you guys were fans of the programme? So why give space to this pretentious trash? Everything about the review was provocative - statements like "he's only one of two good actors in the Pertwee team, I'll get to the other in a minute." How dare he write such tripe! If this video release is a success in sales terms as it deserves to be, it'll be no thanks to Mr Cornell. I hope readers treat the review with the contempt it deserves. Incidently, Paul's third novel (which I won't be buying after the struggles of *Revelation* and *Love and War*) has been retitled *No Future* rather than *Anarchy in the UK*. I suggest another Sex Pistols song would be appropriate - *Silly Thing.*

Nick Needham
Glasgow

I was taken aback - nay, flabbergasted - by Paul Cornell's ultra-negative review of *Terror of the Autons.* He is, of course, at perfect liberty to despise this or any other story but I found some of his comments and methods of evaluation dubious if not positively perverse.

To kick off, Paul claims that Nicholas Courtney and Katy Manning are the only good actors in the Pertwee team. But the only reason he offers for his Pertwee bashing is that the man "stopped acting" in this story, by which he appears to mean that Pertwee "stops trying to put any emotion into his character at all." Well, Pertwee may not have had the emotional depth and subtlety of Troughton, but I can't imagine many agreeing that Pertwee was a flat, lacklustre, emotionless Doctor - although I confess that he was at his peak in the glorious seventh season. Yes, in a few stories he could be surprisingly bland. Every Doctor has his off days. But on the whole, Pertwee's 'flamboyant gentleman' persona, even charisma, is a trademark of the Doctor. No emotions in his Doctor? Gallifreyan regenerates into Vulcan? Candidly, I don't know what Paul is talking about. From his left wing asides against gentlemen and Tories, I suspect he simply doesn't like Pertwee's less-than-socialist personality.

Next, having praised Katy Manning's acting abilities (I agree), Paul proceeds to annihilate her character for its sexist 'bimbo' aura. His complaint is that "feminism is stamped on" by the introduction of the Jo Grant character, and that *Terror* is therefore a bad story (and presumably every other Jo story). Hmm! Paul is, presumably, a feminist. He thinks *Terror* violates feminist ideology. Therefore it is a bad story. Is this the marvellous new way we are supposed to evaluate the worth of a DOCTOR WHO story or indeed era? Actually, I've always thought Jo Grant came across as a refreshingly energetic, compassionate, even courageous character; the Doctor's moral equal. So what if she wasn't his intellectual equal? Zoe Herriot was; did that make Jamie an anti-male companion?

Paul's critique also suffers from several factual errors. Jo does not express disbelief in aliens - she merely expresses mind-boggling surprise that the small sphere stolen from the space museum **contained** an alien intelligence. I might believe in aliens, but would find it hard to accept that there's one living in a plastic football. Paul condemns the story's portrayal of Tony, the black 'strong man', as 'drunken'. But this is pure fantasy! Nowhere is Tony depicted as drunk. He takes a single swig from a bottle. Does that make him a black drunkard? Rossini is seen drinking too - was he therefore an Anglo-Saxon alkie? Paul seems so eager to express his noble hatred of racism that he ends up fabricating things to criticise. Alas, ideology has taken over again.

Finally, according to Paul, 'the ending is crap' because the Master switches sides for no reason at all. But the reason was made quite clear. He had lost confidence in his Nestene allies. They had already displayed intentions of betraying him. The reason for the Master's volte-face may not have been built into the narrtive with sufficent strength, but it was there. Besides, some of fandom's favourite stories have far more flawed endings: *Evil* (whoops, didn't realise the Doctor wasn't human), *The Daemons* , *Pyramids of Mars* (why oh why does Sutekh use the time tunnel at the end? A nostalgia for England?)

Sorry you didn't like *Terror*, Paul. I watched it twice through on the day I bought it, and derived great pleasure from it. So I suppose did most people. More like 9 out of 10, I think.

LJ Kerrigan
Altrincham, Chesire

'Jo was a bimbo.' What a startlingly original conclusion. I doubt if I would ever have noticed if it hadn't been pointed out. Turning to the Pertwee era in general, I reminded of Orwell's comment on the poetry of AE Housman (I've been to university!) - 'there is no need to underrate it now because it was over-rated a few years ago.' And vice versa for *Image of the Fendahl*, with Scott Fredericks as Stael given the dialogue he deserves - "I shall be a god!" "This is not how it shall be!" No, indeed.

John Gardner
Somerset

I object to the intrusion of party politics into DWB or DOCTOR WHO, but I am compelled to comment on the last paragraph of Paul Cornell's *Terror of the Autons* review. He states that the eighth season has no life or humanity because the Third Doctor had "become a Tory." Paul Cornell might just regard this as a joke or a neat swipe on which to end his article but I, as a conservative voter and therefore a target of his remark, resent it very much.

It is patently wrong for Paul Cornell to make a personal judgement on me or anybody else on the basis of political affiliation. Since Paul Cornell has never met me, how can he consider himself qualified to declare me devoid of life, humanity or anything else? And what about other DWB readers who are Conservative voters/members/supporters or whom Paul regards as 'bourgeoisie'? Does Paul really believe they all feel at home with brandy and cigars?

Paul's final paragraph displays prejudice. This is at odds with his earlier comments which deplore sexism and the portrayal of blacks as big, "strong, silent and drunken". Paul must surely be aware that prejudice is prejudice regardless of those it is directed at, whether they be blacks, Tories, women, marxists or middle class whites. Paul's opposition to prejudice against some groups while promoting it against another is at best inconsistent. At worst, it makes him just another type of chauvinist.

I also blame you for this, Anthony, because you're the editor and it's your responsibility to see that this sort of thing does not happen. You should have said to Paul Cornell: "Okay, Paul, you don't like Conservatives. Fine, you're entitled to your opinion. You don't think they have as much humanity as you do? Fine. And you want to write about it? Fine. There are plenty of political publications to write for, Paul, but DWB is not one of them". DWB's sphere is supposed to be telefantasy, not politics!

I would like to think that appreciation for DOCTOR WHO can cut across political, social and economic barriers, and that people can meet and share an interest in DOCTOR WHO regardless of their differences in other respects. Were I to meet Paul Cornell at a convention, I would be happy to have a drink with him on this basis. But if Paul chooses to rate people on their politics or class, than that's his problem.

Ed:OK. The point, to my mind (and this is why I let the comment through), was that Paul used the word ***Tory****, not* ***Conservative*** *(and I'll admit I slipped up by capitalising tory.) Though they're often used as synonyms, there is a subtle but important difference in their meanings. You can be one without being the other (as you point out, John, in reference to brandy and cigars). Tory, to me, implied a generally benevolent, but perhaps rather patronising and complacent paternalism - a quality certainly associated with the more traditional Conservatism of people such as Douglas Hurd & Francis Pym, but also encompassing a far wider establishment (to which Verity Lambert has described the third Doctor as belonging) which includes non-party civil servants, but definitely excludes many other types of Conservatives. Indeed, many of Margaret Thatcher's reforms were directed specifically* ***at*** *this establishment, while the public school old-boy network extends deep into the Labour Party!*

More generally, DWB's policy remains that, while comment on political aspects of stories is acceptable (after all, dictatorship versus democracy, one of the series' staple elements, is in itself a political question), ***party*** *politics is strictly off-bounds. At least until one of them includes a commitment to reviving DOCTOR WHO in its manifesto...*

MORE ON DWB112

Ryan K Johnston
London

I just wanted to write to say how perceptive Kathleen Toth's review of DS9 was in last issue. I've seen every episode so far and I couldn't agree with her more. I do have a minor quibble about your cover's blurb about 'TV Network Supremacy' as none of the three shows on your cover run on US network television (ABC, CBS, NBC or FOX). Oh, and good work by April Loofer for the research into the missing sixth episode of *The Daemons.* Was this designed to see how many other publications "borrow" your news without checking their sources?

JP Hooksmith
Cambridge

DWB112 in particular demonstrated a much matured approach in both editorial and journalistic senses. I believe that Anthony's interest in the BBC as an institution as well as the programmes it produces has given the magazine a very topical and controversial angle, and long may it continue. I would imagine you are beginning to get noticed in a few high places.

As to DWAS, well who cares really. I just wish you'd ignored the letter sent to you, as it's so pompous and spiteful it didn't really deserve the courtesy of a reply. You don't need them, ignore them, I say.

I'd like to add a little post-script to the SURVIVORS article if I may. It certainly whet my appetite for the series, but I'm certainly not going to be able to splash out twenty quid or so every other month for the privilege of watching it. Until it resurfaces on terrestrial television, which seems unlikely, I'll have to rely on reputation to form an opinion. However, when Anthony reflects on the possibility of a remake, I'd like to point him toward an American project likely to surface within the next year. ABC are currently producing an eight hour miniseries based around Steven King's epic novel *The Stand* directed by Nick Garris who recently worked with King on the abysmal *Sleepwalkers*. Anyone who is unfamiliar with the novel might as well read Anthony's SURVIVORS article for a synopsis, as the premise is almost identical. Being King, the novel has a dark and supernatural twist, but I guess one can expect a sanitised version to hit the TV screens. Once more the struggle of a small band of humanity to overcome a global tragedy and rebuild their world will be presented to viewers, and knowing the American tradition of converting any possible formula into a weekly series, what odds a 'new' SURVIVORS will appear within the next few years, albeit under a different name. And no Terry Nation in sight...

Wonderful April Fool - if only it were true! Or perhaps it was, it's certainly the most plausible wind-up I've heard for a while. Please tell Paul Cornell off for being a boring old fart. *Terror of the Autons* is ninety minutes of sheer fun, and not deserving the kinds of scrutiny he tries to put it through. Sad to hear about Jacqueline Hill, the first and best, although she's never likely to be recognised for it

RETURN TO DEVIL'S END

Robin Lee
London

I much enjoyed reading your review of *Return to Devil's End*, in fact of all the reviews I've seen so far, I felt it was by far the most 'informed'. However I do feel a little peeved at the suggestion that it was a 'semi-professional' production. Both Keith Watts and myself (cameramen) as well as Mark Ayres and Chris Nevile (sound recordists) are all well established professionals in our respective crafts and were paid for that assignment!

I must confess that I am not a WHO fan; my involvement with Reeltime started some years

CONVENTION DIGEST

BLUE BOX - 22nd & 23rd May at the Forte Posthouse, Bournemouth. Guests include Elisabeth Sladen and Peter Bryant. £30, space is limited! Contact Blue Box Registrations, 15 Martock Road, Keynsham, Bristol, BS18 1XA.

MANOPTICON - 30th & 31st May at the Piccadilly Hotel, Manchester. Guests include Colin Baker, Jon Pertwee, Anneke Wills, Michael Craze, Nicholas Courtney, David Banks, Debbie Watling, Eric Saward, Terrance Dicks, John Woodnutt, Derek Newark, Anna Wing, John Scott Martin, Ian Levine and the Teen People! £29 for both days. Contact the Manchester Society of Cult Television at 22 Seven Acres Lane, Norden, Rochdale, OL12 7RL. (See ad, DWB111)

SPACE MOUNTAIN III is planned for 22nd & 23rd October 1993, and should follow in the traditions of the first two...

ago on a corporate production after which it was suggested that if I struck a special deal for a few days shooting in Lancashire I would get a four week assignmentlater in the year. Like a fool I accepted and became embroiled in a madcap production entitled *Wartime*. The real enthusiasm of the people involved, many of whom were acting as un-paid assistants to the few professionals, was infectious. So much so that six years on I'm still involved!

The fact that the professionals are supported by volunteers on these programmes should not suggest they are anything but professional, after all your worthy magazine contains material (for example letters) which have not been paid for! It is only by working in this way that productions such as *Retum to Devils' End* are possible. The cover price and sales volume would not support a conventionally manned production.

Ed: I apologise unreservedly if I offended any of the Reeltime crew with my comment, but what I was actually searching for in the phrase 'semi-professional' was a way of describing the very situation you describe - a piece of merchandise produced to professional standards, by people who are frequently professionals in their own right, but nevertheless produced out of fannish enthusiasm rather than for commercial gain.

THE DWAS

Martin Dixon
Bradford

How petty of the DWAS, in this anniversary year, to adopt such a childish attitude towards DWB. I have never been a member of the DWAS nor do I intend to become one after the recent bitterness. Surely the DWAS should be helping to unite fans everywhere for the 30th Anniversary, not engaging in infantile "you've upset me, so I'm pretending you don't exist" sillyness. Let's bury our differences and enjoy the anniversary year not as DWAS fans or DWB fans, but as DOCTOR WHO fans.

By the way, am I the only person who is pleased by UK Gold? What is the point in complaining about the logo, the adverts and the scheduling when the channel is showing good quality copies of WHO stories that have in some cases not been repeated in Britain since their original transmission and are not available on video. Surely we should be grateful for what we've got. Another bonus is the possibility of what they might show next - they're running Hitch-Hiker's and have expressed interest in DOOMWATCH and BLAKE'S 7 so fingers crossed.

Oh, and one last thing, if anyone wishes to use swearwords, please print the whole word, and not leave the whole letter looking like a bl**dy morse code message.

GAYS, MORALITY AND SWEARING - THE FINAL CHAPTER?

Nigel Windsor
New Zealand

As a New Zealand reader who read your March edition I was amused to read the 'homosexuality' debate. Unfortunately I have not seen TK Howe's original letter.

I'm surprised that readers have found the fact that so many DOCTOR WHO fans are gay surprising. As a regular convention and local group attendee it seemed pretty obvious that the room would by the end of the evening be divided into the gays and the breeders, with the kiddies in the middle with their eyes glued to the TV screen. DOCTOR WHO has so much appeal to gays - could it be the fact that the Doctor has never had a sexual relationship with a female, or the **fabulous** costumes worn by the many male and female villains that have graced the series over the years?

Andrew Willis
Plymouth

Go on admit it Mr Brown. You've been deliberately writing those reactionary, bigoted letters just to stir up some controversy for the letters' page. You haven't? Thought not. It's a sad fact of life I'm afraid that such people do exist.

I often wonder what I would do if I met someone like that. Would I reason with him, try to explain that his views are not helpful or productive in a liberal democratic society? Or would I punch his lights out for being a fascist git? Perhaps it is just as well that we'll probably never meet.

Oh for the days when the only thing to irritate me in the letters' page of DWB was someone accusing my favourite Doctor of being bland.

Misha Lauenstein
British Columbia, Canada

Having sat back silently for the last several years, I think it's about time to write. Firstly, let me make a few comments on a couple of topics that have recently been discussed in the DWB letters pages.

a)Bum! (Oh, what a giveaway.)

b)How dare you! I am referring of course to page 13 of DWB110. I think that DWB is a pretty fine magazine, and to have you tarnish it by publishing a black page with white printing is very distressing. You have always shown your fine standards by portraying the normal black printing on a white background. I will no longer be able to enjoy science fiction if your magazine continues to portray this 'negative' style as if there were people who would accept it to normal.

c)It seems amazing to me that there are so many people out there who would evidently give up their dream job simply because they were not getting on with someone at work. I admire their strength of character. I've worked at menial, low-paying jobs with people I didn't like, and that was just for the money. I didn't get extended versions of anything as a bonus.

And now - I really enjoyed lasy year's publication fo the original script for *Revenge of the Cybermen*, finding it much better than the televised version. My question is: do you have access to, or at least know about, original versions of script that differ radically from their televised counterparts? My two main interests being *The Three Doctors* and *The Five Doctors*. Unless I am insane, it appears to me that Sergeant Benton has been given a lot of lines originally written for William Hartnell's Doctor when they are within Omega's jelly bean caves. I suspect that *The Five Doctors* wasn't nearly as far advanced when it was found that Tom Baker would not take part, but I would be interested to know if there was an early plot summary at the very least that may have included all five Doctors.

Ed:The difficulty with early scripts, aside of course from tracking them down and getting copyright approval in the first place (Revenge... would not have been possible without Gerry Davis' co-operation and enthusiasm), is finding one sufficently different to merit the space they consume. I know for instance of an early version of Attack of the Cybermen we might perhaps be able to run, but as it's merely a version which lacks several sub-plots and runs perhaps twenty minutes short, there are surprisingly few scenes of real interest within the draft compared with that of Revenge... Regarding The Five Doctors, I believe there is a draft including a cameo by Victoria Waterfield and a sequence with the Autons in existence, though I haven't seen it myself.

Vince Stadon
Bristol

DWB112 was sterling stuff, one of the best to date. *The Making of the Making of HHGTTG* and the SURVIVORS overview were both excellent articles and whetted my appetite for these BBC video releases.

Thank god the swearing debate has now been put to rest! Personally, I find reader's letters about the grammatical content of other reader's letters about as interesting as an ELDORADO plotline and hope that now this issue is over and done with readers will write letters about *telefantasy*.

Mark Benoy
West Thamesmead, London

Re your debate on swearing. I cannot believe that your correspondents, at some time or another, have never sworn. Swearing, whether to shock, to release tension or simply to entertain is clearly quite common. If someone writes F*** Off, all 4400 readers know exactly what that means, but no-one will, I suggest, complain. If someone writes the phrase in full, altough nothing has changed (we all knew what it meant before), you will probably receive complaints.

Basically, we are all hypocrites. The essence of all risque humour is hypocrisy : my 70 year old Gran found Frankie Howerd hilarious, but if he'd said "Get your tits out" instead of "Get your titters out", she'd have been shocked and offended. And yet she, and everyone else, knows exactly what he, and Benny Hill and the Carry On team, mean when they talk about 'sausages' or 'grapefruits'. Whilst there is still an element of uncertainty about a word or concept, our 'civilised' side rests comfortable in our ignorance. But if it becomes concrete and specific we cannot avoid the implication - the result can be embarrassment or shock.

So whatever format DWB decides on, it still skirts the central issue that we cannot face up to unequivocal explicitness, but we're quite happy with 'implied' explicitness - double standards, don't you think?

Richard Payne
Potters Bar

With reference to your request for comments on swearing in DWB: DWB sets itself up as being a professionally produced magazine, of which I totally agree, yet some of your writers adopt a less than professional approach in the language used in articles. You only have to compare this to the approach of newspapers and other magazines where swearing is not used to get over the anger or descriptive feelings of the writers - if they can do it, why can't you? It is also worth bearing in mind that if a number of people have stated that the use of swearwords causes them offence then surely it is better to omit them, after all you don't print racist or sexist comments which offend other members of the community. Above all the omission of swearwords will not lead to outcry as to why no such words have been included, will it!

Ed: Don't offend anyone? Bit of a slippery slope surely - after all, I imagine that we've offended John Nathan Tumer with our news coverage a number of times over the last eight years, and large parts of DOCTOR WHO itself offend Mrs Whitehouse. But seriously - as earlier letters have shown, concepts can be as offensive as mere words, and in both cases the question is one of how many people you are willing to ***risk*** *offending by printing a comment.*

Professional magazines and newspapers do permit swearing, within reason, for effect - not, perhaps, the tabloids, but certainly the quality broadsheets. And no, people wouldn't object to the omission of swear-words from articles - but they might be disappointed by the emasculated articles which would result. In the Vengeance on Varos review, for instance, Dave Owen quoted a highly offensive phrase that he facetiously suggested had been cut from the acid bath scene. It hadn't, of course, but he felt it was in keeping with the scene itself. In effect, Dave was setting out to cause offense in order ***to demonstrate how offensive he feels the scene to be!*** *A legitimate descriptive technique, I feel, but nevertheless I have cut the remark - but I've had to remove the entire comment as a result, and I think the article has lost something as a result. My instinct, in fact, is to reinstate it. On the other hand I have been routinely substituting 'trash' for 'crap' (etc) where it will have no effect on the writer's intentions. It's a trade-off, really. And as nobody else has written in to comment on the guidelines suggested last issue, I presume that they are generally acceptable, and so I suggest (to the relief, I'm sure of many readers) that we declare all these subjects* ***closed****.*

LATE COMMENT

Richard Thacker
Derbyshire

As a recent subscriber to DWB, I would like to congratulate you on your comprehensive coverage of so many telefantasy series and also your courage in being controversial when necessary. The BLAKE'S 7 special was perhaps rather risky but I feel it was justified by the series' current 'rebirth' on video. As a fan I thought all the articles were excellent, particularly those defending the fourth season which held far more depth and insight for me than the third.

The best feature of DWB is definately the news pages and as a completist I find the TNG episode guide very useful. However, as QUANTUM LEAP is one of the few SF series on British televison at the moment doesn't it deserve a few more columns per issue? Most of all, I am sure that many readers would appreciate a full episode guide to seasons one to four and as much of season five as possible. Personally I would like to see the true running order of the episodes the BBC butchered, and after the recent shock of *The Leap Back* (a bit too much in one go after three 'complex-less; seasons) I would like to have some idea of what is to come. Will Ziggy and the QL complex be making another appearance in the near future?

The item on DOCTOR WHO in ENTERTAINMENT EXPRESS on Friday was interesting, partly to hear the views of Pertwee, Baker and Davison, but mainly because the item's inclusion in the arts programme must tell us that things are moving in the Yentob department. The item even ends by telling us that the return of DOCTOR WHO is under consideration, though to quote Selina Scott "Whatever that might mean." Now Mr Yentob is controller I feel slightly more optimistic about the future of science fiction on TV. Perhaps now we will get season four of TNG on prime-time BBC1 while the classic series continues on BBC2...

DWB Classifieds

Remembrance: A Great New A5 Fanzine!
Issue 3 now available. DOCTOR WHO fan fiction, Dalek Overview. Plus articles on THE AVENGERS, THE PRISONER, STAR TREK and much more!
Please send £1 (coinage), A5 SAE to Robert Bradley, 23 Lee Lane, Langley, Heanor, Derbyshire, DE75 7HN.

For sale: DWM issues 177,179, 180,181, Sarah Jane Special - £1.50 each. DWAS Celestial Toyroom June 1991 to May 1992 - 60p each. The frame best of 1-3, 19, 20 - £1.50 each. Whonatics Yearbook 1989 - 50p. Chronicles 1 - 50p. Postage free. Ring Wayne on (0438) 355291 after 6pm.

FEDERATION ALLIANCE - STAR TREK/TNG/DS9 fan club. Rates start at £6 per year. Bi-monthly publications, including **Neutral Zone** magazine, feature high quality articles, artwork, and fiction with up-to-the-minute news on *Trek VII*, DS9 and TNG season six. SAE to Chris Thompson, 1 Knowle Avenue, Blackpool, FY2 9RR.

For sale: BLAKE'S 7 P/B '77, signed by Paul Darrow, *Project Avalon* signed by Michael Keating £5.00 each. DOCTOR WHO annuals 1977-1982 £2.00 each. Viz Comics issues 32-51 £1.00 each. Postage extra. DWB issues 1-5.7.12/13 wanted. Write to Craig Foulkes,2 Walnut Grove, Ellesmere Port, S. Wirral, L66 2JZ.

Wanted: *The Frame* back issues, US Dalek Omnibus, anything Dalek related. Also info/old photos (return promised) of 1960s Dalek kiddie ride for restoration project. Details with phone number to Tony, 51 Kingsmead Road, London SW2 3HY.

For sale: Issues 1-5 - *TV Zone* (mint)
Issues 1-30 - *Thunderbirds* (mint)
BLAKE'S 7, *The Frame,* others.
SAE To D Houlgate, Flat 3, 79 Cornwall Road, Harrogate, Yorkshire, HG1 2NB. or Tel (0423) 562496 after 6pm Mon/Tue.

GAYLAXIANS LONDON: Social group for Lesbians, Gays, Bisexuals and their friends interested in Sci-Fi, Horror and Fantasy. Meets at 8pm, first Monday of every month, at Central Station pub, 37 Warfdale Road, London N1. King's Cross tube. For further details write to Gaylaxians at the above address enclosing an SAE.

MERCHANDISE SALE: Dr Who Annuals, Monthlies, Discovers seies, Starbursts, plus STAR TREK and DAN DARE annuals. Also on offer: Dalek playsuit (1965) and DWAS:Celestial Toyroom and TARDIS (1983-89). Send SAE to Steve Preston, 5 Ty Mawr Estate, Priory Lane, Holyhead, Gwynedd LL65 2DN.

For Sale: Very rare 1950s-80s Radio Times magazines. Includes all front cover and major article issues on DOCTOR WHO from the sixties and seventies. Also covers/features on BLAKE'S 7, 60'S STAR TREK, DOOMWATCH, QUATERMASS, MOONBASE 3 etc. ALL MINT. SAE to RT Offer, 48 Charles Road, Filton, Bristol BS12 7ET.

DOCTORS WHO NEED VIRGIN...

A CASE FOR EXPANDING THE RANGE OF THE NEW ADVENTURES

THE WORD is it's going to happen at last, and perhaps not before time. After more than two years producing novels based solely around the seventh Doctor, Virgin Books are thinking about a change of policy, broadening the horizons of their new Doctor Who stories to encompass the adventures of Doctors other then Sylvester McCoy. But, if it happens, will it be a change for the better?

In the preface to John Peel's *Genesys* book, series editor Peter Darvill Evans stated his intention to "continue the time and space peregrinations of the Doctor and Ace from the point at which we last saw them on television, at the end of the story *Survival*."

Keeping faith with Darvill-Evans' other stated objectives; more complex, challenging plots and a continuation of the Doctor Who house-styles of blended humour, drama and terror, the books have indeed kept the McCoy torch burning. To date, a dozen titles have been released under the New Adventures banner, ironically the same number of stories as the Seventh Doctor enjoyed on television. All twelve are generally well written books as far as the fluidity of their prose style goes, but as we start to anticipate forthcoming reviews in DWB and elsewhere, I find a series of niggling questions starting to churn themselves over more and more frequently in my mind.

Is this all that there is in terms of the books' house-style? Should there be something more for the reader, or at least different to the fare currently being served? Worst of all, am I perhaps being cheated of my own perceived Who heritage?

It is a subjective view, of course, but there have been several books of late which, frankly, I have not enjoyed reading. *Warhead* began the rot, with its grim 'twenty minutes into the future' Max Headroom scenario and an almost total absence of sympathetic characters in the plot apart from the Doctor and Ace - and here even the Doctor's motives are somewhat questionable. Was he still acting in the belief of mankind's ultimate ennoblement as a species? Given the book's downbeat projection of the future, even after his victory, it is hard to see why he should bother.

Then came this year's opener, *Transit*, a vicious and brutal homage to the Cyberpunk genre that tended to read like the angry, fevered meanderings of a destitute who has too long lived rough on the London Underground. Was this really from the pen of Ben Aaronovitch, whose TV Dalek story I had so admired and often praised? And finally, just when I thought I had hit rock bottom ploughing through those 260 odd pages, along comes a pick axe and shovel in the form of Neil Penswick's *The Pit* to dig further into this woeful nadir in the Doctor's literary fortunes. Drug-crazed nine-year-olds, cremated bodies hanging from lamp-posts, a soul-less and violent vision of a future world that just doesn't care. Is this Sol Three's destiny for the Nineties?

True, it is the bi-polar *2001* versus *Blade Runner* debate. Do we have a bright future ahead of us of we can only get our act together, or do we face an ever accelerating descent into stygian darkness and despair? Certainly judging by the media's current obsession with cultural breakdown there is no shortage of those pedalling imminent Armageddon before our imaginations. Don't bother looking for a light at the end of the tunnel - it's only a train coming the other way!

I tended to think better of Doctor Who's underlying approach to story-telling.

Throughout most of the show's history the human condition has been depicted as predominantly upbeat. True, opponents of the Doctor, the monstrous and the violently oppressive, are shown striving to destroy or grind down humanity, but the overall message has always been that good will ultimately triumph over evil - that the human spirit is worth saving because it is a force for light rather than for dark. This is why the Doctor risks life and limb so often to defend it. Yet now, given the increasingly bleak profile of the future seen in ever more of the New Adventures, it is difficult to perceive a finite purpose for the Doctor's actions, if all he is fighting for s a propping up of the species' ultimate social, mental and moral decay into savagery.

The roots of this problem stem back, I feel, to the McCoy era as seen on TV, in particular to the shift in the Doctor Who format ushered in by script editor Andrew Cartmel. It was Cartmel who ushered in the 'Dark Knight' vision of the Doctor as far more than just a Time Lord. Under this new regime the needs of the individual became trampled as the Doctor trivialised them into mere sacrificial pawns in his galactic chess game with the essence of evil. The end, if you like, was justifying the means.

This principle lead to some interesting storylines, but with the sole exception of Ace, the angry delinquent rescued by the seventh Doctor and purged of her personal devils, very little was ever added to the storylines to suggest that the Doctor was acting to try and forge better attitudes or a better world for the human race and its off-shoots.

This game of cosmic chess playing perhaps explains why the Seventh Doctor is so difficult to write for, and why so many authors have found it easier to take refuge with stories revolving around Ace or her jaded and disillusioned successor, Professor Bernice Summerfield. It is easier to write from the point of view of Doctor Watson than from Sherlock Holmes' perspective.

The main problem is trying to steer away from an overwhelming suspicion that the seventh Doctor knows the outcome of any new adventure long before he has even stepped from the sanctuary of his TARDIS. Already he is pitting his wits against whatever dark force waits outside, and is plotting the moves his pawns must make if his will is to prevail.

Indeed, what makes Gareth Roberts' novel *The Highest Science* so interesting is that it doesn't read like a Sylvester McCoy story. Neither the backgrounds of urban dereliction nor the grand scheme trade marks are present. Instead this glorious exercise in improvisation and initiative bears a greater resemblance to the tales in a Doctor Who annual of the mid-sixties.

The seventh Doctor's era has its place in Doctor Who literature and if the eight million plus sales statistic claimed by Virgin Books is accurate there is obviously a strong market out there waiting to tap these Cyberpunk tales of the Dark Lord of Time. But what of fans of other eras in the Doctor's long life? Are we to be forever served up meals from a cuisine not entirely to our taste?

Readers of Star Trek novels have long enjoyed the luxury of being able to feast from menus taken from every point in in the show's history. From Jean Luc Picard right back to Christopher Pike and beyond this vista has been approved and encouraged by the publishers and copyright holders. Certainly from a sales point of view alone it makes sense not to limit the range. Not everyone is a Next Generation fan, nor even a devotee of the movies. For them the format, style and characterisation of the sixties series are as well catered for today as they were when James Blish began his adaptations of the TV adventures nearly twenty five years ago.

So what price a commitment by Virgin Books to accept that there are other eras, other companions, other Doctors whose separate trade-marks, motifs and house-styles are equally worthy of print? And not just stories of the Doctor, either. Ever since winning permission from Terry Nation to do so, John Peel has advocated a series of books based around the Chronicles of the Daleks; an evolution from the all-Dalek comic strips originally pioneered by the TV-21 comic.

If evidence were needed to support such a case, just ponder awhile the forthcoming adaptations of *Power* and *Evil of the Daleks*. With little in the way of surviving video footage from either story to prejudice the mind, much of the work in reconstructing these sagas will fall to the readers' imaginations, fleshing out the sets and the action. Unrestrained by page constraints, John Peel has been allowed a free hand to develop the descriptive text in both books. The result is part TV-21 Dalek story, part Troughton Doctor Who adventure, all of it a powerful reminder of two great elements from the show's past. But consider as you read these epic adventures that unless the Virgin publishing wing does indeed review and reconsider its approach to the novels, as it is still only a maybe that it will do, these could be the last examples of full length Troughton Who or Dalek material you will read.

J. Jeremy Bentham

Mark Strickson

It's almost exactly ten years since Mark Strickson made his first appearance as the mysterious Turlough in *Mawdryn Undead,* and with the recent release of several of his adventures on BBC Video DWB thought it well worth a trip half-way around the world to catch up with the 'resting' actor…

DWB: Mark, I'm sure many readers are curious to discover what brought you to Australia?

MS: Both my wife, Julie (*Paradise Towers*) Brennan, and I had been actors for about ten years. We'd both been very lucky and done a lot of TV, and I guess we got to the age (late twenties) where we could see ourselves doing that until we retired and we wanted to do something else before then. We didn't quite know what we wanted to do, but we certainly wanted something more intellectually stimulating (we had at the back of our minds that we'd like to do something with zoology since I had a zoology degree) and we knew we wouldn't make any decision while we stayed in England, which we wanted to leave anyway. It's overcrowded, and in order to work in London you've got to live close to London, and we lived on the South Coast which meant at least a two hour commuting trip into London, then two hours back again on a train, which isn't exactly a high quality of life (BBC rehearsal rooms also score pretty low on people's quality of life!). We thought of going to America, but while I like America I didn't quite feel I wanted to live there. The only other place we could earn any money and where we'd be allowed to emigrate to was Australia, and that's why we came here four years ago. We also brought our enormous young spaniel, Bramble, with us who had to go into quarantine for two months (if Bramble hadn't been allowed to come with us then we wouldn't have come!). Bramble was originally Gerald [Kamelion] Flood's dog and he and his wife weren't very well and it occurred to Gerald when he got to know me that I'd be able to give Bramble more of the attention a young dog demands.

With hindsight are you pleased that you made the move?

Very much so, for all sorts of reasons. For me, after ten years as an actor, it was time to have a break and to focus my life a bit more, and certainly coming to Australia has helped me do that. I think I've become a different person, perhaps gentler and nicer, certainly a lot more mature, and its given me much more time to think about things and I'm more at peace with myself having done this. I'm less of an angry and tormented young man.

I rate Australia very highly. I read in the Sydney Morning Herald the other day that 48% of people who live in England would like to emigrate and most of those would prefer to emigrate to Australia than any other country. It has huge plusses going for it, and although I may well go back to England that's purely because I miss my family so much. As far as I'm concerned Australia has got a marvellous climate, marvellous open spaces, some fantastic places to recreate in, places that are so good for the soul - looking out over these landscapes more or less untouched by man is, I think, a very important thing. Certainly for me it makes me more optimistic about life and the state of the world.

So how do you spend your time here?

I live in Armidale which is a small university town 300 miles from Sydney, and I am studying biology at the University of New England.

How do you rate Australia culturally?

Australia has a population the size of Greater London so it is not going to be a major artistic centre in the world. It has a white culture which is not really even 200 years old - it was a struggle to survive for the first 100 years in Australia - therefore it has a very shallow culture which it's struggling to fund. It's doing a good job in its path to find the way but it hasn't yet found it, and I think to pretend that it has is really very arrogant. There are all sorts of good things going on n Australia culturally, some marvellous things, but generally speaking it doesn't have a rich culture.

You still make yourself available for acting, but are there many breaks available to British actors here?

No! Australia quite rightly makes programmes about people that live here, and first generation English people are in a very small minority. I tend to play the token pom - somebody at the British Embassy as I did in Minder recently (*For a Few Dollars More*, shown 1/4/93 by ITV) - and I've just played the head of a drugs squad in an episode of Police Rescue, but playing him as if he came from England. I did teach in the University in the theatre studies department and I feel I have a big contribution to make here because of my European perspective, and it's good for the students to have my experience to draw on.

Are you still recognised for any of your TV work?

Doctor Who's basically the only thing, apart from one-offs that have been sold to Australia that I've done. I've also done a lot of adverts in Australia and at the moment I'm the guy in the British Airways commercial.

How does Australian TV compare to British?

A lot of the actors here just don't have enough experience because the business is too small to develop the skills they need. Certainly when I work on an Australian TV set I'm very aware that I've had a lot more experience than most people, that's unavoidable.

Have you been approached to do a soap, and would you do one?

At the moment I wouldn't because I'm doing a degree. I'd do a one-of, there's no harm in it, I need to earn a living!

You're going back to Britain soon so you haven't totally detached yourself from home, have you?

No, not in many ways. My girlfriend at the moment, whom I'm engaged to - I'm divorced from Julie and I'm planning to get married again, a scoop for you!! - is British and comes from Worcester, just up the road from a little village where I come from near Stratford-Upon-Avon. Both of us are going back at Easter [sic] for her sister's wedding so we're both going to look at the English situation and have some serious thinking.

Do you remember much about your time on Doctor Who?

[Awkward laugh followed by a pause]. It seems to me a long time ago. By choice I have a fairly full life and I don't sit around waiting for a job to happen, I always do something else, so it's very much in my past. But certainly the friends I made in Doctor Who are not in my past at all. Last time I was in England I saw both Janet [Fielding] and John Nathan-Turner, and I was supposed to see Sarah Sutton but didn't and felt very guilty about it! I'm sure I'll see some of them when I go back this time although it will only be for two weeks, but certainly I keep in contact with my friends that I made through Doctor Who and some of them are my very best friends, so I don't feel cut off from it in any way. I did a convention in America 18 months ago so it still keeps coming, as does the very odd repeat fee which is nice.

Top : Contacting the Guardian (BBC Video)
Right : Mark Strickson with Sarah Sutton at his photocall (BBC Video)

How did you decide on a career in acting in the first place?

Being brought up in Stratford-Upon-Avon I went to the theatre a lot which my dad wrote music for. I didn't really have any idea of becoming an actor - I wasn't a leading light in the local or school's amateur dramatic productions - I was a French horn player and I in fact wrote the musical score for the National Youth Theatre for a year. Then I decided that I'd really like to have a go at the acting and I did that the following year and very soon after that I had to make a decision as to whether or not I wanted to go to university or drama school. I got accepted by the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and I decided to go there. I hated school and I thought I had too much energy to sit down and study - it seemed much more glamourous to take up acting instead - and two and a half years later I was a professional actor!

Would you classify yourself as any particular type of actor?

I'm a 'low key' actor. I don't really particularly care about versatility, although I'm known for being able to do a lot of accents. I just like being me. I had a dreadful cold when I did Police Rescue. Who cares? I was a policeman with a cold! I believe very much in reality and I suppose Doctor Who's a bad example of that. It's a glorified comic strip and has got nothing to do with the reality of acting. I think it's a lovely programme but you're not given a deep personality and you're not having relationships with other people in it.

Which acting medium do you prefer?

I find the theatre very hard work. I have a bad memory and I find lines difficult to remember and I have to constantly learn them all the time (which has also been a problem in doing a science degree!). Also the rewards for me in theatre aren't enough. I don't yearn for the roar of the crowd. I much prefer working in a small group with a cameraman and a director. You have to inevitably be stylised in theatre and I don't like doing that, and it's becoming increasingly difficult for audiences to handle too because they're so used to video and TV. And I don't like working at night and going to bed late!

How were you offered the part of Turlough?

I was in a soap called Angels and I was offered the lead in that. I didn't particularly want to do it, mainly because I didn't want to be the lead in a soap and I was unhappy about the character I was playing - an ambulanceman with a broad Birmingham accent! So my agent put me up for a part in Juliet Bravo which was only one episode and she also put me up for a regular in Doctor Who, which I was told not to bank on because they were seeing hundreds of people for it. Anyway crisis day was approaching and I rang my agent and asked her whether John Nathan-Turner had been in touch about seeing me for Doctor Who, but they weren't interviewing for another ten days and I had to reply on Angels before then. So I put it in my own hands and went and knocked on John Nathan-Turner's door at the BBC and I read for him and he got Eric Saward in to listen to me as well, and the upshot of it was they offered me the part. I was what they wanted for the character - I had a reasonable amount of experience and I was quite a strong person.

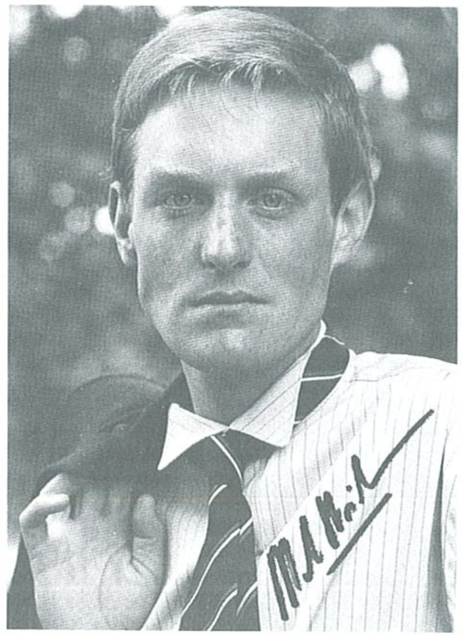
I read from the first episode that I was in, and it was difficult because I didn't know what they wanted and they weren't giving much away. I guess they wanted someone who was giving them exactly what they wanted but they didn't want to say, they just wanted to get a gut feeling about somebody in the way they immediately did it.

Were you informed at the time what else would be expected from you, particularly regarding the colouring of your hair?

No I wasn't, that was all afterwards. I was consulted about my hair, which John wanted to have all cut off and I said no, and then I thought about it and said "You'll have to pay me for loss of earnings for six months after I've finished my contract", and he mentioned that to the BBC's fiscal planning department who said no. So it was decided to dye my hair because it was very similar to Peter's, probably blonder, and in long-shot we would have looked the same! The dye was fairly nasty, it was supposed to wash out but it didn't so I lived for over two years with a red pillow! And it got me instantly recognised which isn't always what you want - there aren't many people walking around with metallic red hair! The eyebrows I think were my idea.

Did you understand how the character of Turlough worked?

I understood what they wanted, this intelligent creature who was thinking on his own to produce another plotline in the episodes. I realised that because of that I had to come across as strongly intelligent even if I was saying "What's that, Doc?", which inevitably was my function sometimes. Given the context of a half-hour programme, in the end there wasn't the room for my character to grow and develop, that was the problem, but it was an interesting experiment. Certainly Turlough was an interesting character and would be a good character to bring back for four episodes. I don't know what the current situation on Doctor Who is, I'm a bit out of touch here, but I'd like to go back and do a few episodes - it would be absolutely great!



Did you inject any input of your own into the character?

Just my qualities as a person. I did the lines I was given and I did things with the lines that I thought were good for the character. And it was partly a physical thing, making the character look a bit mysterious and so on. I would have liked more chance to have related to the other characters but again I guess that's not what Doctor Who's about; it's about a good rattling yarn for four episodes with lots of action.

Many cite the combination of Peter Davison, Janet Fielding and yourself as being among the strongest line-ups in the show's history. Would you agree?

Yes and no. We got on very well together and enjoyed each other's company, so certainly in that way we worked very well and I think maybe that came across (I hope it did). I think perhaps Janet and I could have been better with a stronger and different Doctor, someone like Pat or Tom, not because of who Janet and I are but the way our two very strong characters were.

You think your ideal Doctor would have been more dominant?

Yeah, and that wasn't the way Peter wanted to play it. I think he and the script editors were perfectly justified in that, and it's only my personal opinion that our characters were too strong for that Doctor.

Did you know that Peter Davison wanted to move on after your first season but was persuaded to stay for one more year?

Yeah. I think he felt he'd had enough but he was persuaded to stay on for continuity in the programme. I don't know why particularly he wanted to leave but I know that was going on.

Were you ever aware of any friction behind the scenes?

Not as far as I know, we were a very happy crew. As an actor you don't get involved with the problems in the office, fortunately.

Arriving on the scene at the start of the twentieth anniversary celebrations, were you aware of the the programme's vast fan following?

No I wasn't. I guess the biggest effect on the programme at that time was the start of the American conventions. I don't think anybody was aware what that was going to do and I was in on those from the start. They've virtually dried up now and there's certainly no longer the finances flowing into them that there were when I was on the programme at that time. I did more than my share of them, in both England and America, because I'm a fairly good speaker I suppose [laughs] and I can get up and rattle on for three or four hours if necessary if nobody can shut me up! I'm also an honest sort of person and I never bite back about people but I tell the truth, so I suppose people like to hear about what I've got to say. I'm not afraid of telling the truth and I don't pretend it's all smooth sailing.

"I was grossly shocked by Longleat"

Was Longleat the first major event you did?

Yes, and I was grossly shocked by the whole experience. It was way beyond anything I'd expected. It wasn't very well organised because they weren't expecting those numbers so I don't blame the organisers for that. It was a very hard day if I remember - long queues of people in not very good moods because they couldn't get into things and massive traffic jams into Longleat. We even had members of the Royal marines to escort us from place to place!

I found problems with actors thinking of themselves as star figures. I think you should admire somebody and respect them for their work in whatever they do but don't think they're this completely strange and peculiar person. I don't like the American system that pays actors vast quantities of money or treating them like royalty, and Longleat was like that with this crazy sort of hero worship.

What was your opinion of the general standard of scripts and directors during your time?

I thought the scripts were very adequate, some better than others - I think it's fairly obvious which ones if you watch them in all honesty! I like scripts in which something happens. I don't like boredom and I don't like drabness, which is why my least favourite was *Terminus* (obviously that's not an unbiased opinion!). I like excitement and colourful scripts which is why the first one (*Mawdryn Undead*) is my favourite. It was nice, for want of a better word, and jolly with the vintage car and the nice countryside. I love the Brigadier's character and there were a lot of things in it which I liked, although it was a bit of a weak plot. All of the directors I found very easy to work with because I'd worked with most of them before.

You have gone on record as saying you think Turlough was given a raw deal in the scripts and was never fully developed as a character.

Yes, but I don't think that was anybody's fault. I think that was because, given the context of a thirty [sic] minute programme there simply wasn't the room for him. It was discovered, maybe the hard way for my character, that you just can't have three plots going. Two is plenty. In the format that came after with longer episodes it might have been easier. It was a technical problem and, if anything, I had great sympathy for the writers. I didn't know what else they could do. I think I probably said at some point, "Look, my character's getting tied up and is going nowhere", and I probably said things like, "He's just not coming across as if he's got a brain," but that's all part of the same problem. Janet would be much stronger about it than me - the place of women in society and its reflection on that and all sorts of things.

Did you encounter any other problems with the role?

I didn't have any big problems with my character at all, just the structural problems with the scripts and what was happening to me, but as I said there was no way out of that. Perhaps I'm very easy going but I've never really had any problems in any job at all.

Shortly after you left, the programme entered a very turbulent period and was placed on hiatus.

I heard about it through the fan system, and I couldn't understand why. It was still selling and making money. Why do you want to stop something that's making you money or even breaking even? It didn't make any sense to me. Maybe it was a style decision and was considered too old-fashioned, but they didn't replace it with a good science fiction series.

Do you think the programme still has a future on TV in its current concept?

I guess the answer's no. I don't think you can leave a concept for four years and come back to it. Doctor Who is unique as a concept and it would almost be like gong against it on bringing it back. I can't see any hope that it will come back. I think it's a shame, but I think it's more of a shame that the BBC doesn't seem to have any interest in science fiction. Red Dwarf's not really science fiction, well it is but it's not in the same genre at all. I think it's great!

What is your fondest memory of your time on Doctor Who?

My fondest memories are the social memories like going to a party at John Nathan-Turner's with everybody and just having a wonderful time with them all and thinking how really lucky I am to be working with such a nice group of people. I never ever forgot that whatever problems there were in the programme I just felt sort of privileged to have landed on my feet and to be working with such a nice group of people and to have made such special friends, friends that I'll have my life long.

Are you proud of your time spent on the programme?

Yes, very much so, and I have no desire to forget it. I was up in Brisbane not so long ago with some friends of mine up there and they were showing their little daughter the *Enlightenment* video. I sat and watched it with them for half an hour and I really enjoyed it. I have very fond memories in every way - it was a very nice experience. (Can I go and watch Minder in Australia now?)

Mark Strickson, thank you very much.

Interview conducted by Dallas Jones and Gary Leigh in South Australia on 14th March 1993.
Interview edited and transcribed by Gary Leigh

THE FULL CIRCLE

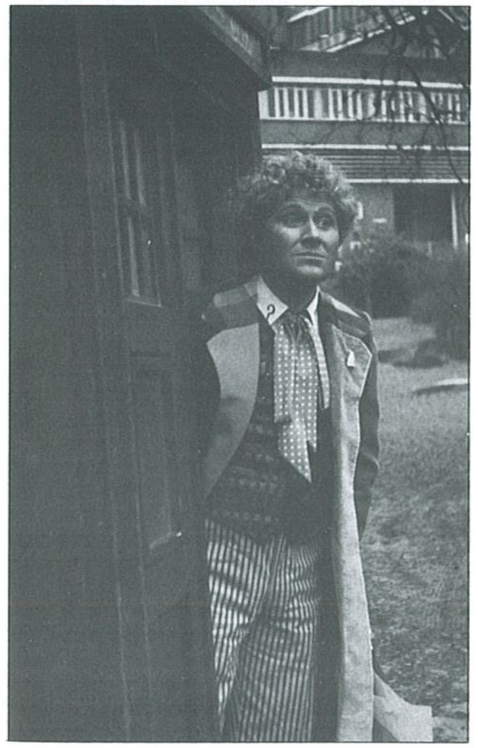
PART THREE : HOLIDAYS FOR THE DOCTOR

In the penultimate instalment of his comprehensive analysis of the Nathan Turner years, **Tim Munro** considers the emergence of the factors which would lead to Doctor Who's downfall...

THE QUESTION of exactly when and how John Nathan Turner 'went off the rails' will be debated for as long as fandom endures, but certainly by season twenty the rot was beginning to show. Without Bidmead's guiding vision, the show began to lose its way. Flatter direction coupled with increasingly chintzy design gave the show an ever-more stagey visual feel, underlined by the Guardians' transformation into pantomimesque representations of good and evil. The respected dramatic actors of seasons eighteen and nineteen gave way to "celebrity" types more familiar from game and chat shows, and JNT's relentless quest for publicity led to blatant 'sexploitation' of the show's female leads, a move shamelessly proclaimed as intended to "keep the dads watching".

Scriptwise, Saward's later penchant for superficial action adventure was not immediately apparent, as he tried to maintain Bidmead's fresh approach by commissioning innovatively avant-garde stories, but sadly his 'Bidmead style' could only be a pale imitation of the real thing. One immediate casualty was Peter Davison. Bidmead had seen Davison's Doctor as "an old man trapped in a young body" but such a sophisticated approach appeared to be beyond Saward, and so Davison was often left looking as bland as his critics claimed. It didn't help that JNT, still reacting against the 'send-up' Williams era, insisted on the show being played straight. Davison's later work on Campion would give ample proof of the gentle wit and eccentricity he could have brought to the part, but as he's complained, all his attempts to do so were baulked by JNT, and sadly this period of frustration coincided with his decision on whether or not to return for a fourth season. In a further blow to innovation, the fanboy faction demanded a return to simplistic monster romps, and so encouraged the backward-looking trend which would dominate the next couple of years, leaving the show looking increasingly stale and uninspired - a sitting target for Jonathan Powell.

Another barometer of the show's decline was Ainley's Master; under Bidmead a cleverly schizoid creation, but whom Saward allowed to degenerate into precisely the pantomime demon the production team believed him to be. Interestingly, Saward has since remarked that the Master might have worked better had Ainley played against the character more, and Ainley has confirmed that this was his instinct, but sadly he saw his job as being to do as he was told, and so JNT, forever commanding a "bigger" portrayal, but never - to the actor's bewilderment - more subtlety, became a prime mover in the gradual camping up of the part.



Left: Colin Baker (©Tony Clark)

Season twenty also saw the first of JNT's 'overseas junkets', the filming of *Arc of Infinity* in Amsterdam. Some have accused JNT of using these jaunts as working holidays for himself and the crew at the show's expense, and it *is* quite telling how many of the crew on these expeditions were Nathan Turner's professed friends, but such jaunts probably owed much more to JNT's persistent belief that Doctor Who needed tacked-on extras such as star names and overseas locations to "put bums on seats". And by devising stories specifically around overseas shoots in pre-selected locations, JNT betrayed a burgeoning tendency to give publicity considerations priority, and even control, over programme content. The tail was beginning to wag the dog.

Ironically, lack of specific publicity played a part in season twenty's disappointing ratings, as the series moved from its previous Monday/Wednesday slot almost unheralded by trailers or press coverage. Quizzed at the time about the ratings, JNT admitted they were down, but "not substantially", adding that the "whole industry is done", and fandom happily accepted this, ignoring the show's plummeting **chart** position. Indeed such was the media attention surrounding the show's imminent anniversary and its associated spin-offs (ironically coinciding with the season's close) that it seemed unthinkable that the BBC might be considering cancellation, and a rumour to that effect was quickly shot down by CT. Sadly such complacency was self-deceiving. Doctor Who had only survived beyond the Tom Baker era by the skin of its teeth, and, as Peter Davison has said, even in 1983 it was far from being the Sixth floor's favourite programme.

The killing blow may have been the loss of the season's Dalek finale, which might have taken advantage of the building publicity, but this may have been a blessing to JNT, leaving him free to concentrate on his Tunbridge Wells production of *Cinderella,* starring Davison and Ainley. This was the first major instance of his blatantly cashing in on his Doctor Who connections, being publicised throughout the fan media and elsewhere on its Who associations, with its programme sold extensively by mail order as a 'collectors' item'. It revealed much about JNT's real talents and enthusiasms. Saward later complained that JNT put more energy and effort into his pantos than ever went into Doctor Who, and the documentation of *Cinderella*'s production would seem to bear this out, depicting a man in his element.

Above all, the fuss surrounding the panto highlighted the growing personality now surrounding JNT, as he assumed celebrity status on a par with the show's stars, even appearing in the show's publicity stills. The anniversary, coupled with the staggering peak of the show's success in the States, meant that Doctor Who's media profile was now HUGE, and JNT visibly revelled in the limelight that this commercial circus brought him. But what of the show he was actually producing? By now, Eric Saward recalls him being "unreceptive" to the comments of his department head David Reid, as if the praise of fandom had lulled him into a false sense of security. So long as the fans kept cheering, he must have thought, then all's well.

Another disturbing element was his increasingly proprietorial attitude towards his show, revealed as he fought tooth and nail to prevent Saward commissioning Robert Holmes, allegedly declaring that Holmes would "want to do things his way." Publicly he continued to justify his new blood policy in terms of a producer's duty to develop new talent, but the Holmes incident suggests that he simply could not countenance the threat posed to his authority by old hands, even, perhaps, those like Peter Grimwade whom he had nurtured himself...

Top: Peter Davison at Longleat '83 (©Tim Westmacott)

By summer '83, the trend for the next few years was clearly defined, as JNT devoted more and more attention to the show's commercial exploitation and less and less to its actual production. Longleat in April saw JNT throwing himself into every aspect of the event, while in America he was centre-stage in the show's success, to the point where it sometimes seemed that every other weekend would see him and a planeload of Who celebrities jetting out to yet another mega-con, which would be given lavish coverage by DWM in reports frequently written by JNT himself. As Saward told *Starburst* in 1986, there appeared to be little doubt where JNT's priorities lay - he would sooner spend hours "piddling about" with merchandise rather than "willingly become involved" in the show's production and yet at the same time he seems to have become obsessed with being seen to be in control of every aspect of the series.

Another significant event was Peter Davison's departure from the series, announced to general incredulity in July '83. Fandom and the press immediately smelled a rat, not least because at Longleat Davison had seemed ready to do a fourth year, but officially it was insisted that he'd simply decided that three years was enough. It wasn't until 1988 that Davison confirmed (DWM134) that he'd felt unhappy with the direction Doctor Who was heading, later commenting - with uncanny foresight - that it was becoming 'light entertainment.' It's interesting that when a similar conflict of approaches had developed between Tom Baker and Graham Williams, Baker took his complaints to the Head of Series, who made it clear to Williams that if it came to the crunch, he would be the one to go. Baker was the show's public face, who sold it to its audience. That in similar circumstances JNT did not feel it incumbent upon him to make way for a producer more in sympathy with Davison's aims is perhaps telling, as is the fact that JNT already had Davison's successor waiting in the wings.

By late '83 however JNT's popularity *was* beginning to wane. Disappointment with season twenty, a predictable backlash against the status quo, and growing resentment at his attention towards American fandom meant that for the first time critical voices were being raised against him, and at the DWAS's anniversary

These pages : Behind the scenes at work and play on The Two Doctors. *Above: Nicola Bryant, John Nathan Turner, Peter Moffatt, Gary Downie and Colin Baker on location*

party (which JNT did not attend as he was in America), some in the audience booed each mention of his name - though CT mentioned this only when members wrote in to condemn it. It was left to DWM to provide a platform for this growing discontent which for several months dominated its letters page but, as noted earlier, these criticisms were directed at the seasons' 'experimental' quality, while its regressive elements were praised. The message to JNT was clear, and underlined when *The Five Doctors* was greeted as "a significant improvement on recent stories". Obviously fandom liked old faces and monster romps, and this would dictate the content of coming seasons.

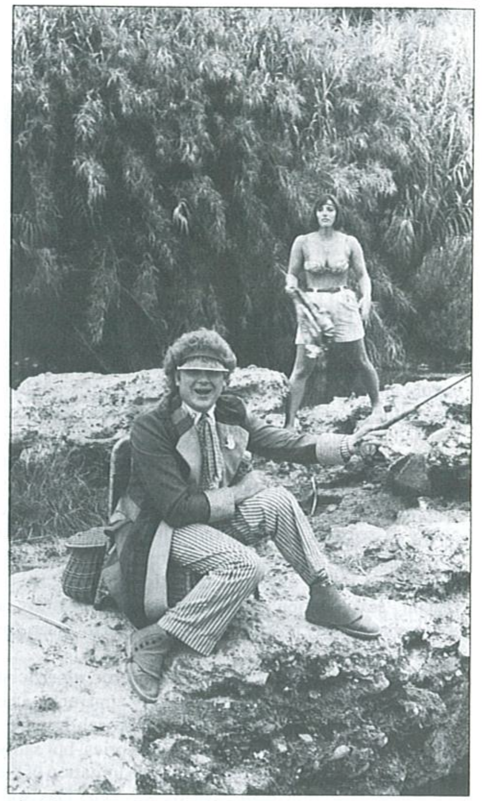
Previously fandom's growing discontent might never have come to anything, but by Summer '83 the fan press was changing. The birth of DWB was significant for the impetus it gave to a decentralised fandom - for the first time fans had an alternative news source to CT. Though DWB's early issues were, surprisingly, as upbeat as the rest of the fan media at the time, the DWAS soon moved to baulk this development, going out of their way to paint DWB as an irresponsible slag-rag with a vendetta against JNT, claiming its news was all rumours, inaccuracies or - confusingly - lifted from CT! At the same time, BBC Enterprises, acting on instructions from JNT, banned DWB from Forbidden Planet at only its second issue, ostensibly on quality grounds, though it was later to emerge that Enterprises' Christopher Crouch, who was responsible for the decision, hadn't even checked a copy himself.

In November '83, fandom was given a telling insight into JNT's limitations when *Doctor Who - the Unfolding Text* was published. It's a pity that the book's specialised nature prevented it being more widely read, as it is most illuminating, particularly in revealing how disturbingly unsophisticated was JNT's philosophical and creative approach to the show, and how much more articulate he was on the subject of its marketing. Other sections have since become hilarious, particularly Ian Levine's eulogeic praise of Nathan Turner, and JNT's slating of the WIlliams era's "childish silliness" and *City of Death*'s "distracting" celebrity cameo by Cleese and Bron. The chapter on *Kinda's* production too reveals back-stage tensions far from the 'sweetness and light' portrayed elsewhere. In retrospect, it seems surprising that the eternally image-concious JNT co-operated with such a revealing text - and significantly later plans for a sequel examining the show's fall from grace never materialised.

A few months later, JNT elaborated on his criticism of Williams to DWM's Winter Special, claiming that his "slap-stick humour… tended to be picked up by the staff and reflected in their work" which "became almost comic strip in style." With the production of *The Twin Dilemma* only weeks away, these words ring hollow in retrospect. In the same interview, JNT also justified his new blood policy, claiming that writers who worked regularly on the show became Whoed out. Nobody pointed out that by his own argument, the most Whoed out person on the show should be himself!

Season twenty one, praised though it was at the time, saw JNT's more questionable traits grow worse. There was another overseas jaunt, this time not helped by Nathan Turner's refusal to allow the author to recce the location personally, preferring to keep this as a perk for others. There was another crass publicity stunt, this time the spurious suggestion that the police box might be dropped from the show. Yet another companion was devised with misjudged marketing considerations foremost in his mind, as Peri was created in the hope of attracting American co-production, and blatantly sold to the press as a sex object; and there were more fan-pleasing resurrections of old foes, although their glitzy redesigns were criticised by many.

Both *The Five Doctors* and season twenty one continued the trend of declining audiences; the former scheduled against The A Team in a foretaste of things to come, the latter undermined by being placed on Thursday and **Friday,** which cost it much of its predominantly young audience. When coverage of the Winter Olympics forced the transmission of *Resurrection of the Daleks* in fifty minute slots, BBC1 Controller Alan Hart seized upon the resulting ratings increase and ordered that season twenty two be produced in much the same format. JNT agreed to this major change in the show's structure without requesting extra time to modify scripts already in the pipeline.



More by luck than judgement, season twenty one did produce an undoubted classic, *The Caves of Androzani*, which left fandom in a daze and lifted the ratings overnight. Sadly JNT, again demonstrating his inability to grasp which elements made up Doctor Who at its best, was instead busily evangelizing on *The Twin Dilemma's* behalf. With Davison's departure having removed the last reminder of the Bidmead era, *The Twin Dilemma* exposed for the first time the full extent of JNT's love for the theatrical. It was stagey, gaudily camp and vulgarly tacky, and he loved it, enthusing about it to anyone and everyone both in private and on an unprecedented appearance on Saturday Superstore.

Since his sacking, Colin Baker has frequently been labelled 'miscast'. But he was perhaps the best bit of casting JNT ever did, possessing - as those who've met him will attest - an ebullient charisma and mischievous wit which could've made a classic Doctor. But **his** Doctor never truly emerged. Colin's Doctor was created by JNT, not (as previously) by a collaboration of actor, producer and script editor, and in typically formulaic terms could be easily reduced to press release form. Baker's costume was also a grievous mistake which costume designer Pat Godfrey fought against, only for JNT, once more rejecting the voice of experience, to over-rule her.

Eric Saward should perhaps have quit then. Faced with a Doctor he personally felt miscast, he could hardly give his best for the show, and his growing discontent perhaps manifested himself in a certain dissociation from the show, as Colin Baker claims he was frequently unobtainable - a far cry from the man Sarah Sutton described as "always there, always approachable." It was now, with the forty five minute format (an odd and unusual length) that scripts began to over-run significantly, necessitating editing of the finished product by JNT which often demonstrated his tenuous grasp of narrative structure.

By season twenty two, the show was clearly torn between JNT's glitzy approach and Saward's attempts to make it blacker and grittier as he struggled to recreate *Androzani's* approach. Under the circumstances, the cold-blooded decision to make the show 'more violent' left the series open to public attack when it least needed it.

By summer '84, JNT seems to have given up all thought of moving on, and while he may have been tempted by the lure of a new era, it should be noted that his involvement in the show's marketing was now extremely lucrative, a point Saward believes was instrumental in his reluctance to move on. With hindsight it is also clear that the influence of his close friend Gary Downie on the programme was now becoming much greater than would normally be expected by a mere production assistant, to such an extent that Ian Levine feared that he would soon be credited as associate producer. Perhaps JNT had succumbed to a stronger personality, but Downie does seem to have inspired many of his most criticised decisions, including the casting of Bonnie Langford, and one suspects that a whole book could be devoted to his role as 'the power behind the throne.'

And so things continued much as before, with more stagey direction, more glitzy production, more celebrity guests, and more old monsters, and more of the same planned for season twenty three. There would even be another of the overseas jaunts which looked more than ever (to judge by the anecdotes of drunken revelry told by those present in Spain) like an excuse for a rave-up at the programme's expense, particularly as JNT is said to have turned a recce of Singapore into a holiday for himself and Gary Downie, reportedly filming the place out of a taxi window on the way back to the airport! By now, JNT had virtually taken the show back to where it was when he took over - when Eric Saward criticised Shockeye's transformation into a pantomime pirate captain, the director replied that this had been done to make the character "look sillier." This under the producer whose proudest boast was still that he had rid the series of "childish silliness and send-up."

And meanwhile the DWAS and DWM moved ever closer to the production office, while the increasingly critical DWB won over those unhappy with the show. It was the beginning of the polarisation of fandom which would erupt into outright schism in the wake of the show's suspension.

In August '84 DWB conducted a surprisingly hard-hitting interview with JNT (DWB 14/5), in which he faced for the first time many of fandom's criticisms of his tenure. Challenged in particular that his unending tenure might lead to stagnation and cancellation he declared (as had Enterprises exec Christopher Crouch to DWM) that the show's huge commercial success made such a fate impossible, stating "No show that keeps getting publicity like that can ever get the chop."

After the suspension, Michael Grade told Radio Two's Jimmy Young that "the people making Doctor Who have become complacent." If he'd read DWB he could have cited the JNT interview as proof, for it suggested a man who'd come to see himself as invulnerable. Sadly, JNT was deceiving himself. To begin with, the BBC has always been proud that it is **not** swayed by commercial considerations. Secondly, Nathan Turner failed to appreciate that the BBC itself was changing, as its old management gave way to a new generation under pressure, in the face of increasing government attacks, to prove that the BBC still served a mass audience. Doctor Who, an old show with falling ratings, was a sitting target with which these new brooms could demonstrate their ability to sweep clean. Behind the scenes Eric Saward had already noted to Ian Levine his belief that they were "going to have trouble" with an increasingly critical Jonathan Powell, but JNT, like most of fandom, never saw it coming.

On Saturday, January the 5th 1985, virtually unheralded by publicity, season twenty two began, and the Doctor's return to Saturday, his return home, was greeted by over nine million viewers. Within a week two million of them had been lost, presumably to The A Team on ITV. By *The Two Doctors*, the show had lost thirty per cent of its audience in six weeks, and Points of View and *Radio Times* were carrying letters protesting at the show's violent content. Michael Grade could hardly ignore this, and for Jonathan Powell, such ammunition was all he needed. At a meeting of department heads scarcely a voice was raised in Doctor Who's defence, and on Monday the 25th February those booked to work on season twenty three were told that it had been cancelled. JNT had once said "If they were even thinking of axing it, don't you think they'd tell the producer first?" In the event, he was sadly, naively, mistaken - he wasn't told until the next day, and the first the production office knew of it was when Robert Holmes phoned Eric Saward to ask about a rumour he'd heard…

On Wednesday the 27th, the story was leaked to *The Standard*, and fandom's smug complacency was shattered. By Thursday morning, Doctor Who was front page news on virtually every national newspaper, the story thundered by *The Sun* beneath the headline **Doctor Who axed in a BBC plot**. The cancellation crisis, as it was to become known, had begun… and for Doctor Who, the end was in sight.

Tim Munro

A QUESTION OF TIME

"CHANGE, MY DEAR. And it seems not a moment too soon!" These are the all too prophetic first words of a Doctor whose shortest ever reign in the role is sadly disregarded by many and utterly forgotten by some.

In the beginning was a show shrouded in mystery. The very nature of the title Doctor Who initiated a trend for the unknown, of fog-bound streets and alien travels in time and space. The formula was a unique success, enchanting the generation who grew up with this ubiquitous Time Lord. The show survived changes of lead actor, changes in direction, violent peaks and troughs of quality that had long since condemned many of its contemporaries. Change was as essential as it was inevitable, the regeneration sequences mirroring the ever changing demands of a public to whom Doctor Who had become as British as bad weather. The show survived this change and steadily grew with its audience, losing some along the way but always drawing upon an ever eager pool of new, young blood.

The picture painted thus far is a colourful one, one that takes a healthy, vibrant and innovative show twenty-one years on to the sixth actor to play the role. It had survived year in, year out, in a television climate that demands change and where complacency is punishable by death. Here is a programme that can call upon twenty one years of history, that is as safe as possible in the firm embrace of the public.

Then, change. Story 6S will always be the centre of debate amongst fans of Doctor Who. The story *The Twin Dilemma* can be viewed in some respects to run parallel to a dilemma facing those responsible for continuing the lineage of the programme. Peter Davison's era had been safe, with little controversy but arguably little innovation. The decision now was change, an invaluable ingredient of the past, an injection once again of that basic ingredient, indeed lifeblood; the unknown.

Retrospect is easy. Indeed it is something that long-time fans of Doctor Who practice all too frequently with little regard to the present. Colin Baker's tenure has perhaps been criticised more than any other, without perhaps the underlying reasons being examined, digested and certainly understood.

The dilemma was, for the moment, resolved. Blow away the memories of the kindly, reassuringly safe fifth Doctor and introduced unpredictable chaos in the form of Colin Baker's portrayal. Turning established principles on their head can have many positive effects. A change is as good as a rest they say, but with change can come dissent and confusion. The dissent perhaps came later and was maybe inevitable, but the confusion was now and *The Twin Dilemma* was the manifestation of this.

The opening story for any Doctor is important. Here seeds are sown, trends set, characteristics born as this new Doctor re-introduces himself to the viewer. In this opening tale we are introduced to an arrogant, slightly sadistic, violent fashion victim. The viewer is ultimately socked, in some cases repulsed. Is this the same Doctor, scarf flying, paternally protective and offering jelly-babies with a cheery smile? Of course it isn't. This is the dark mystery, for so long absent and pushed aside, back again. We are whisked back, TARDIS-style, to the very birth of the programme. The Doctor is, at last, alien in origin once more.

Let us not be blind though to the problems of this regeneration, simply open-minded enough to focus on some of the positive points and ponder on what could have been. To dismiss this era of the programme is foolhardy. In every season there are low-points. In every season these are invariably out-weighed by the high-points.

To further consider the Colin Baker era we need to travel forward in time. In terms of storyline content, what was to follow his time was hardly inspiring - more indifferent, if not altogether insipid. Through Colin Baker's portrayal many of the highlights of the series in modern times were seen. In *The Mark of the Rani, The Two Doctors* and *Revelation of the Daleks* story-telling and production values unequalled in the McCoy era shone through a haze of spiteful, ill-informed criticism. I am not trying to bring down Sylvester McCoy's time on the programme, simply trying to question many of the misconceptions born out of the Baker era. Mr Baker let no-one down with his acting, and when combined with the production values and script quality, the Colin Baker era surely puts that of McCoy into some form of perspective. In fact, if a Doctor is to be judged and sentenced on the strength of his stories then McCoy was badly let down, yet somehow he still manages to surpass Colin Baker in the eyes of many fans. Nor can initial impressions be the answer, for McCoy's opener was if anything even more ropey than the infamous Baker beginning. Perhaps it is that, in the minds of many fans, the relief of having the series back at all elevated McCoy to revered heights, whilst dumping Colin Baker in the litter bin of amnesia.

As previously suggested, with the arrival of Colin Baker Doctor Who became a hot-bed of controversy within the tight-knit family of fandom. Cries of "too violent" and "This man just isn't the Doctor" became prevalent; had the change gone too far? Two choices presented themselves - to bravely forge ahead with essential change, or to scurry sideways, crab-like to safety. Little is ever gained in retreat, but it is sadly ironic that **neither** course was whole-heartedly embraced. That chosen fell meekly in between and was largely ineffective. The cancelled twenty third season had held a lot of promise. By *Revelation* Colin Baker was firmly in his stride, confident and certainly charismatic, most definitely **the Doctor.**

The confused and lack-lustre season that did emerge was a sad compromise, a retreat and an ultimate failure. Colin Baker was left in limbo, having provided all that was asked of him in alienating the Doctor, but sadly also the audience. he was left to bear the brunt of the criticism heaped upon the programme by those whose lack of confidence, direction and vision was to lead to the eventual cancellation of the show.

The change the sixth Doctor has spoken of to Peri had cost him dear. It had though shown us a glimpse of what could have been if principles and beliefs had been adhered to, and only retrospect offers us, and Colin Baker, any consolation.

Further consolation can be drawn from the fact that no matter how much controversy and vitriol Colin Baker's time aroused, he is as much a part of Doctor Who as flowing scarves and metal dogs. Baker fought not only Daleks and Cybermen in his time, but overwhelming odds and apathy during a period when the great British public were falling out of love with the time traveller. Patience, whether from fans or within the BBC, was at a premium. As ever, it was a question of time, the very basis of the series, not only for Baker but for the show, and time, for once, defeated the Doctor.

Gavin Moss

BBC VIDEO NASTY ?

VENGEANCE ON VAROS
BBC Video £10.99
Release May

WHEN THE PICCOLO edition of *The Making of Doctor Who* came out in 1972, followed a year later by the *Radio Times 10th Anniversary Special*, I devoured with interest the brief synopses given of the adventures of the Doctor that I was far too young to have seen on-screen. Brief precis decsribed stories like *The Space Museum, The Celestial Toymaker, or The Ark* by mentioning the twists of their plots and the scientific principles they hinged on, rather than their moods or the quality of their realisation. The result? I imagined stories far better than the ones I eventually read or saw many years later. Not that they were poor stories, mind - just that the quality of the storytelling didn't live up to the promise of the ideas contained. *Vengeance on Varos* is much the same - the premise is brilliant - but the story itself falls down flat.

And what a premise! A nationalised beaurocratic organisation, figureheaded by a series of transient governers, which has as one of its purposes to entertain the population with television transmissions. These transmissions consist in part of a group of idealists who run up and down corridors from one crisis to another, attempting to overthrow the ruthless controllers of the planet. The keener viewers of the programmes even write them up. And now that the programmes are popular outside the realm of the broadcasters, who, incidentally, now have to resort to any means possible to make a profit from their enterprises, they are being released on video. Sounds a bit familiar, doesn't it? Whilst it might be stretching the message of the story a bit thin to suggest that Varos is analogous to the BBC, the Governer to the DG (John Birt got away luckily, then...), and Arak and Etta to typical Doctor Who fans, I feel certain that Philip Martin was clearly making a point about the nature of television in the 1980s when he wrote this story.

This is the only time that such a self-referential Doctor Who story has been attempted, in-jokes such as that in *Remembrance of the Daleks* notwithstanding. Surprising really, when you consider the number of writers who must have been mortified to see their visions of times and places undreamed of rendered as something that looks like nothing more nor less than a television studio. The obvious solution, taken here, is to set the best part of the story **in** a television studio. Unfortunately, this production isn't as brave as several of Dennis Potter's works, in which the characters don't **know** they are in a TV drama production. I say "unfortunately", here, because whilst that would have tampered probably too much with Doctor Who's established precepts, it would have solved the script's main drawback - expositional dialogue. There's reams and reams of the bloody stuff. OK, in Doctor Who, we often have the Doctor explaining things to the companion solely for the viewers' benefit, but here the characters go on and on for pages explaining things to each other that they should already know. For instance, when the black-bag-clad body preceding the Doctor's is lowered into the acid bath Arak tells Etta, "They always do that. It's to show the acid's highly corrosive". She would already know this. Why not tell the viewer with a sign saying "Highly Corrosive", or something? It's as if Martin started off with a novel, and turned it into a script, but took all of the explanations and simply gave them to characters as dialogue. And what looks and reads naturally on the printed page sure as hell doesn't sound natural from the mouths of the cast of *Vengeance on Varos*.

Other than scripting the story more carefully, so that these absurdities of dialogue are avoided (**other** stories have managed it, after all), a solution unique to this story might have been to present more of it as a television programme within a television programme - an explanation of the horrors awaiting the unwary in the (ha!) Purple Zone, or the effects of Quillam's tissue transmogrification process would surely figure in videos sold by the Varosians to off-worlders. Changing the viewpoint like this would certainly improve the watchability of a story where much of the action consists of the protagonists standing around waiting for each other to finish their speeches. If they spent less time doing this, there might also be room for a little more plot development.

The story appears to have been written from the outset as a two-parter, and not had the new economy-sized episode lengths imposed on it, as there are no obvious dramatic crescendos at the appropriate places. Things do get a little dull towards the end of the first half. The problem is that the state of affairs on Varos actually changes very little over the course of the story. The TARDIS is stuck needing Zeiton-7, the Governer's on his last legs, Sil and the Gallatron Mining Corporation have the Varosians where they want them, and that's it. The Doctor's presence on the planet actually does very little to alter the state of affairs until the last half of the second episode. I know that the story is a comment on the nature of broadcasting, with a few nods to Doctor Who in particular, but that's no real excuse to spend about two thirds of it with the good guys running up and down corridors being captured and escaping. Big yawn...

This was only the third story for Colin Baker's Doctor, and the character is given some good chances to be as unlikeable as possible. In **none** of his previous incarnations has the Doctor been as defeatist as he is in the opening TARDIS scenes of this serial. In the staggeringly clumsy plot device of the TARDIS running out of Zeiton-7 and needing to visit Varos (doesn't it have a bloody fuel gauge, then ?), there is a time when it appears that the Doctor and Peri will have to stay exactly where they are until the end of their lives. The Doctor simply admits defeat and starts feeling sorry for himself. In the post-*Twin Dilemma* shock of discovering exactly which of the new Doctor's traits were just due to regenerative trauma, and which were permanent, self-pity was quite an appealling one. Less appealling is the new Doctor's propensity for, well, murder...

The Doctor has killed many times over the years, but his actions have always been governed by a kind of Hippocratic ideal to preserve as many lives as possible. Usually, it's pretty clear-cut choice - despatch a single villain if there's no other way of dealing with him, and in so doing safeguard the lives of millions of innocents. No ethical dilemma there, no raised eyebrows. If it can be done by turning the villain's evil/greed/ruthlessness/whatever against him, then all the more poetic. In this story, the concept of turning the enemy's sword against him is taken a little too literally. As the Doctor and co escape in part one having rescued Jondar, the Doctor turns the Random Laser Beam Emitter back on the pursuing guards causing one of them to be vapourised. Why not just throw a chair or something into their paths ? At the beginning of part two, the Doctor struggles with not one but two acid bath attendants causing them both to do passable Disprin impersonations. He could just as easily have run away. To make matters worse he then makes a "joke" about it to himself a la James Bond. Finally, in the End Zone he constructs a deliberately fatal trap from a piece of string and some poisinous tendrils to despatch the Chief Officer and Quillam. In the words of his predecessor, "There should have been another way". What emphasises this callousness is that despite all their threats, and admittedly rather poor past record in the human rights stakes, the establishment don't manage to kill **any** of the good guys (aside from that turn-coat guard early on) during the story . More's the pity.

As the presence of the guards' patrol car indicates, contrary to popular belief, Ron Jones **can** direct traffic. It's just that the raw material at his disposal here is a little below par. Characterisation of the Doctor's allies is absolutely minimal. Peri is reduced to being little more than a pair of tits on legs. And if you think that that's a sexist comment, then I shall balance it by saying that the award for 'bimbo of the month' in this story goes to Jason Connery as "the rebel leader, Jondar", who judging by this performance, was cast solely for the fact that he looks fantastic with his shirt off, tied to a wall. I'm told. He is the perfect match for his vacuous, whining, irritating wife, Areta. The only remotely likeable character in the whole piece is Martin Jarvis's Governer. His performance of the more unlikely speeches makes them sound entirely natural. It's not just that his character is a statesman, although he is perfectly cast to play such a dignified role - he is by far the best actor in the story, and the most powerful scenes have to be the ones where he is being guarded by Maldak as he and Peri await his execution. Such a pity that for the sequel to this story, Martin chose to ignore the fate of Varos with the Governer truly at it's helm, and instead focus on the gimmicky Sil.

The quality of the direction largely lies with the movement of the cameras and not with the movement of the performers and the action tends to have a very stagey feel to it. The costumes and sets reflect the nature of the dome as a 23rd century torture chamber; all the rooms are dark and functional, save for the studio where The Doctor and Jondar are to be executed (I shall totally resist all temptation to comment at all about Jason Connery appearing to be "well hung" in this story...), which is striking crimson. Incidentally, the priest in the scene begins one of his chants with the phrase "In the name of the great video of Varos...". Is he in the employ of BBC Enterprises, I wonder? The costumes describe the characters perfectly - Quillam and the Chief look like the sadistic perverts they are, and Arak and Etta look like ordinary workers. The latter two's role in the story can only be fully appreciated after a full viewing. Their sole interface with the goings on in the dome is via their TV screen and it's voting buttons. They are just viewers, like us at home, and can offer no real help or hindrance to the rebels they see on screen. I was convinced, when watching Varos in 1985, that the Doctor would call on them for help, and that they would be divided as to whether to give it or not. That they are so completely cut off is one of the few **very** stylish features that the story has, such as part one's ending with the Governer's line "and cut it...now".

So, the premise is good, the sets are brilliant, most of the characters work, and all the post-production (music, video effects) is perfectly adequate. Where did it all go wrong ? Well, I'd guess that the blame lies with the production office for not seeing the transformation of the initial outline into a pair of workable camera scripts through with sufficient rigour. It needs about two more rewrites to get it in shape. Drop Sil (an unnecessary gimmick), put more plot development in the middle of the story (say by having the revolution first, then a period of anarchy, and then have the Gallatron invasion called off for economic reasons), and see Jondar and Areta ruthlessly tortured to death by Quillam. That's storyline in the right shape. Then, add a video-nasty narrative voice to eliminate the aforementioned expositional dialogue, provide the Doctor with slightly more civilized means of routing his enemies than murder, and add genuine gallows humour rather than keeping everyone deadpan. In fact, Robert Holmes would have been the ideal script editor for the job.

Ironically, for a show that was about to be removed from the airwaves for 18 months, the last shot is unintentionally symbolic, as the viewers-within-the-story stare at a blank screen and wonder what the hell they're going to do for entertainment now. It's little touches like that that finally elevate *Vengeance on Varos* to a **(6)**

Dave Owen

Right: The Governer (Martin Jarvis) confronts Sil (Nabil Shaban) - BBC Video
*Left: The Doctor (Colin Baker), Jondar (Jason Connery) and Areta (Geraldine Alexander) brave the punishment zone (*Vengeance on Varos*) - BBC Video*

ANATOMY OF A SECOND CLASSIC

***REVELATION** of the Daleks* is perhaps the most successful story of the Colin Baker era - a story which can hold its head high amongst the greats of Doctor Who. Yet strictly speaking, it should never have been made, because in respect after respect it reuses concepts which had already appeared earlier on in the season. Decoy clones of the villain. Cannibalism. Humans converted into cyborg monsters, fighting against their conditioning. Self-referential commentators watching the Doctor, describing the action to the viewers… In principle, it would be difficult to justify such blatant repetitions, particularly when the guilty party is the person responsible for ensuring that such duplications do not occur, the script editor. But if Eric Saward had not allowed himself to break the rules, we would have lost the serial that ultimately made all the disappointments and misjudgements of the twenty second season seem worthwhile.

Because on every occasion, *Revelation* makes better use of the ideas it poaches than its predecessors. In *Timelash,* for instance, the Borad clone is a clumsy plot device used to extend the serial after its plot ran out ten minutes too early. In *Revelation,* the Davros duplicate is an essential part of the story - its existence is logical under the circumstances, even hinted at in the first episode, and, as well as providing a heart-stopping moment when it appears that Davros really has been killed which the 'death' of a one-off villain could never match, it also allows Orcini to be captured (as the plot demands that he must) while still retaining our respect for his skills - particularly as he almost realises his mistake in time to correct it…

Similarly, *Revelation* handles the question of cannibalism with greater sensitivity than *The Two Doctors.* Indeed, it's ironic that *The Two Doctors* does not, strictly speaking, feature cannibalism at all, but provoked a storm of criticism, while the implied consumption of human flesh on a massive scale in *Revelation* passed almost unremarked. What takes place off-screen takes place out of mind, it would seem, and that ensures that only the most dedicated and sympathetic of viewers notices the horrendous ideas implied by this story. Rewatching *Revelation,* it is astonishing how close to the wind it sails, how adult is its general attitude. Grigory's drunken-ness is obvious, and it doesn't do to dwell upon the images brought to mind by Jobel's comment about "cleaning out the preparation room with a toothbrush", but what about the sexual under-currents which pervade the story, under-currents of all types, even down to vague implications of necrophilia, not to mention the tiny moments of disgusting reality such as the nose-picking! This is not exactly the stuff of innocuous family viewing, and even now The New Adventures would have trouble beating it in places. It's difficult to believe that WH Allen would have let a novelisation pass uncensored in 1985.

Which is ironic, when you consider that, aside from the rest of season twenty two, *Revelation's* main inspiration was itself a book - the Evelyn Waugh novella *The Loved One*, adapted rather effectively by Radio Four a few years back, and rather less effectively as a film in the mid-sixties. In this, a young and unsuccessful English poet living Hollywood encounters the American way of death after his uncle, an old ham of an actor, passes on. The funeral takes place at the Whispering Glades Funeral Home, a tasteless establishment founded by The Dreamer, where Dennis becomes romantically involved with a woman called Aimee Thanatogenous, who is already pursuing the senior mortician, Mr Joyboy… The parallels to *Revelation* are obvious, though the plots do of course differ markedly in their final stages - at the end of*The Loved One* Aimee, thinking she's lost both her paramours, takes the advice of her over-worked guru to "go and jump off the tenth floor or something" rather too literally, and, fearing that they will be blamed for her death, Joyboy (genuinely upset) and Dennis (less so), conspire to cremate her body at the Pet Cemetery where the englishman works…

The Loved One is not, in other words, the most choice as the basis for a Who story, and that it works so well says something about the flexibility of the series' basic format. You don't need to go around noisily breaking taboos and showing how adult you are, because if you get the tone of the story right, there is nothing you can't do in Doctor Who anyway. If you want to.

Which is probably the root of *Revelation's* success. Saward undoubtedly wanted to write it. Margery (Campion) Allingham once commented that she divided her work into 'Left-hand writing and right-hand writing'. The latter was writing she wanted to do, which she was interested in; the former writing she had to do, that a publisher had ordered. Looking over Saward's scripts for the series, it's clear which stories deserve which description. *The Visitation* and *Earthshock* feel as if they've grown organically, flowing towards their natural conclusions, with Saward interested in finding out what happened to characters such as Richard Mace. *Resurrection of the Daleks* and Saward's rewrites of *Attack of the Cybermen* however feel like left-hand writing - it's clear that they'd been commissioned to fill a particular role in the season, to try and repeat *Earthshock's* success, and so their plots move towards a predetermined conclusion, however un-naturally they have to twist and turn to get there. Watching these stories, you almost wish that *Earthshock* hadn't been so successful. Because then Saward might have felt free to indulge himself and given us another couple of classics instead of these confused messes.

In *Revelation* however Saward did indulge himself. Judging *Resurrection* to be the "worst Doctor Who script ever written", he decided to write a story which happened to have Daleks in it, instead of basing the story around the Daleks. The result is a classic which is never confusing but continually surprising, even if Graeme Harper's direction actually manages to undercut the greatest of these shocks, the first sight of the Grey Daleks (though a series of delightful "look behind you" gags more than compensates for this rare slip on his part).

Revelation is not a typical Doctor Who story. The Doctor's role is far too small and it ends with its resolution still to come off-screen. But in that it is not typical, it epitomises the series at its best. It demonstrates how the series can surprise, how it can take a work of literature and reinterpret it, turning it upside down. It demonstrates that there are, genuinely, no limits to the subjects it can take within its stride, that its format is flexible enough to encompass anything. And it demonstrates why only a handful of Who stories can be classics, and why those classics could not exist without the ideas developed by the lesser stories from which they grow.

Diane McGinn

Top: Peri (Nicola Bryant) & the Doctor (Colin Baker) held prisoner by Davros (©BBC)
Right: Orcini (Wlliam Gaunt), Kara (Eleanor Bron), Bostock (John Ogwen) & Vogel (Hugh Walters) (©BBC)

REVELATION OF THE DALEKS

BBC2 has finally got around to showing a Colin Baker story. You know, the loud arrogant Doctor with the rubbish costume.

There are precious few sixth Doctor stories that are fondly remembered amongst the fans. Most people cite *Vengeance on Varos* as the best of a bad bunch. I can't stand it myself. *Revelation of the Daleks* though is a hidden gem within the annals of Who. Graeme harper's direction has flair and style that has never been bettered since. This director seems to have a genuine love for his job - I get the impression that during filming he was always thinking of the most effective camera angles and presentation of scenes. Jon Pertwee has been quoted as saying that Daleks are boring. With flat, run-of-the-mill direction, they can come over as bland and ordinary. In *Revelation,* they're filmed from low down, from high up, and close-up to portions of their frame. The effect is one of sheer menace, a larger than life image of alien terror.

And it's not just the Daleks that are given a good visual presence. Harper doesn't content himself with normal head and shoulder shots. Here, we have cameras angled from above, suggesting security cameras. The scene where the Doctor and Peri scale the wall to Tranquil Repose is similarly given a different angle - Colin Baker is filmed from very low down as he struggles to push Peri over. The result is a typical, average scene given a refreshing approach. Other neat touches of Harper's include panning from slightly low to slightly high during dialogue scenes, injecting life into the corridor scenes by using long shots and zooms, and effective use of lighting, an aspect of the programme which seems to escape many of the directors of later Who serials. The shadowy red lighting for the embryo tanks is a simple but convincing device. Hand-held cameras, used extensively on programmes like The Bill are employed for some scenes - notably Jobel's murder. One other inventive idea deserves comment; in episode one the image of a corridor flickers to show that the events are being monitored and watched by someone. It's a subtle visual trick which works.

As the story opens, the Doctor and Peri are involved from the start. Their relationship is consistently criticised as including too much bitching and bickering. The softer version of season twenty three is admittedly more warming, but some of the earlier conversations between the two are hilarious. "Don't drop me." "Drop you? I'll be lucky to lift you, the amount you weigh!" "Watch it, porky!" In retrospect, their constant bickering seems more playful, like the successful marriage of two people who are always narky towards each other but, under the bluster, totally devoted.

Colin Baker is in full swing as the Doctor - his much discussed arrogance working well at this stage, as it comes across as hilarious. The Doctor must have been aware of his large girth, and picks on the perfect form of Peri for eating too much! The sixth Doctor will always be remembered for three things - arrogance, cat badges and **that** costume. If only he'd had as long a stint as his namesake predecessor.

Eric Saward's story is a brilliant mix of horror, pathos and irony. The horror is evident in the torture of Grigory and Natasha, the graphic knifing of Kara and the repetitive removal of limbs. That scene with Davros' hand has become notorious as an example of the damaging, gratuitous violence that caused the series to be postponed. Orcini's casual knifing of Kara seems far more callous to me though, and I would argue that Doctor Who works best when it contains an element of violence. A series which deals with death at the hands of alien races in so many various ways should consider some degree of violence. Traditionally, physical violence has always been limited and, generally, not very well done in Who (the circus acrobatics of the Havoc team in the Pertwee years comes immediately to mind) but this story certainly takes the series to its limit. Lilt's torture of the body snatchers is quite gritty, due chiefly to the proximity of the knife, and the dialogue.

Saward's strength lies in his characters. In the best traditions of Robert Holmes, he takes time to present colourful characters which work best when coupled with another character. In *Revelation* there are at least five double-acts. Orcini and Bostock are a loyal team, the knight of the Grand Order of Oberon motivated solely by honour, the loyal squire predictably meeting his death trying to save his master. Takis and Lilt's jovial banter takes a twist once they start firing guns and torturing the 'grave robbers' - a successful character is always drawn in shades of grey, as Saward's other great character, Lytton, demonstrates. Jobel and Tasambeker interact well together - the old old story of boy meets girl, girl falls in love, man can't stand fawning little creep, so girl murders man ("How many times have we seen that story, Mr Lister?") - is related excellently by Jenny Tomasin and Clive Swift. Likewise, the Vogel/Kara relationship, which Bostock even describes as a double act, is vague and questionable. Surely there must be something between the two, more than just a mere secretary/manager situation? And finally there's the more subdued antagonistic liaison between Grigory and Natasha as they attempt to discover what's happened to Stengos…

Even Davros is given some character development, though he's reduced to a mere talking head for most of the story. For once he doesn't only rant and rave, he whispers too, which is far more menacing. When Davros laughs, it's a strangled gurgle totally at odds with the wasted, alien appearance of the disabled scientist.

Maybe not the most violent, but definitely the best remembered scene in this gripping tale has to be that with the transparent Dalek. It's not so much the visual image of a severed head within a bizarre ghostly outline of a Dalek that chills. It's Stengos' strained conversation as he flips from pleading with Natasha for death, to ranting about universal domination which sends genuine shivers down the spine. The effect is stressed as the grating tones of a Dalek fade in and out of Stengos' speech. The musical stings, coupled with the background heartbeat thump, also add to the tension.

The pathos comes from all the deaths. As in other scripts by Saward, there are an awful lot of deaths in *Revelation.* But here the viewer is made to feel sympathetic at the deaths of characters such as Vogul, the mutant and even the repellent Jobel. The prime weapon here in engaging an emotional response from the audience is Roger Limb's wonderfully evocative incidental score. Personally, I rate *Revelation's* backing track - along with Limb's moody passages for *The Caves of Androzani* - as one of the most atmospheric ever composed for the series. There's no competition between this sort of material and the bland compositions of Mark Ayres and worse Keff McCulloch. Even down to the individual stings contributing to the tension of dramatic scenes (such as the conversation between Davros and Tasambeker), the music is powerful and menacing.

The script is peppered with humour, manifesting itself mainly as irony; Davros is known as the Great Healer, the whole set-up of Tranquil Repose is a sham in which the bodies of the dearly beloved end up as a new generation of Daleks. The left over remains and the unusable bodies are then sold off as a new form of protein to help alleviate local famine.

Bostock (John Ogwen) and Orcini (William Gaunt) attack 'Davros" ©BBC

Saward plays a subtle trick on the avid fan in writing the cliffhanger. Now we all know that large, heavy objects throughout Doctor Who are made of polystyrene. We all know this, but we suspend disbelief because, you know, it's Doctor Who. So what does Saward do to resolve the Doctor's apparent crushing? Why, reveal the tombstone to be made of polystyrene, and throw in a reference to fake blood as well, just for good measure. And think about it, it's about the only explanation you wouldn't think of because it's too obvious.

Of course, there's nothing that is truly perfect in television, and that includes *Revelation of the Daleks.* There are some annoying plot holes. How did Davros recognise the Doctor? They last met before his regeneration, and yet Davros is so familiar with his current appearance that he has erected a memorial stature bearing that face. And then there's that bloody decoy Davros in the life support tank. I mean, was that the real Davros in there up to a certain time when, unseen by us, he emerged? Or was the tank nothing more than a mere decoy, with Davros skulking in the shadows, perhaps operating his likeness by some sort of remote control? or, digging a little deeper, perhaps Davros has cloned himself…?

The character of the DJ comes over as contrived - a deliberately bizarre character included only to explain some of the plot. I'm not knocking Alexei Sayle, his performance was admirable but on the down side, why did he stand up, fail to see the approaching Dalek and get shot? The scene just doesn't make sense.

After writing *Resurrection*, Saward's intention with *Revelation* was to write a story that used the Daleks as elements, rather than relying on past continuity. However, this story adds a great deal to the Who mythology. The Daleks' ability to levitate, the development of two Dalek factions, and Davros's 'extradition' to Skaro. There are also parallels to *Genesis of the Daleks* but they are probably unintentional; I was thinking of the mutant encountered by the Doctor and Peri - reminiscent of the mutoes on Skaro? The dilemma that Natasha faces over destroying the Stengos/Dalek creature echoes Tom Baker's two wires in the earlier story. And the endings are very similar, with explosions going off everywhere as the Doctor runs down endless corridors in an effort to reach the entrance.

Revelation is arguably the best sixth Doctor story. With no novelisation on the bookshelves and no video release planned, it has been a welcome choice by The Late Show team for the moaning fans disgruntled by the screening of some all-time greats, just because they've bought the video. *Revelation* also dispels the myth that no good stories were written after *Androzani.* They may have been fewer in number, but describing *Revelation* I am forced to use a word so over-used that it has probably lost its meaning.

Classic **(9)**

John Pettigrew

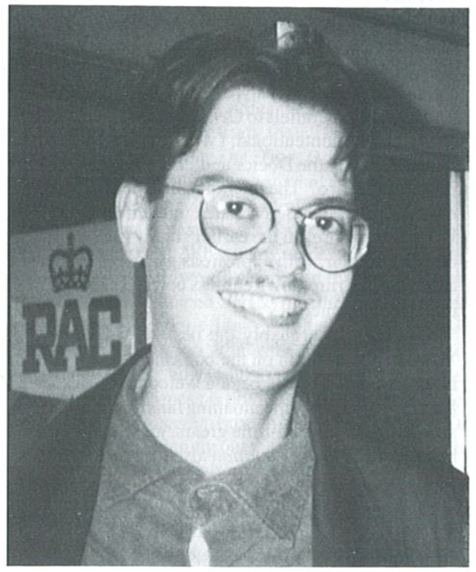
A MONSTROUS CARBUNCLE

THE CARTMEL ERA

AFTER season twenty four I could have cheerfully shot Andrew Cartmel. I'd expected *Time and the Rani* to be awful, and wasn't disappointed (more astonished by quite how bad it was - it remains the only Who I've ever turned off in disgust on first viewing). But the rest of it! Cartmel was supposed to be the man whose innovative approach would save us from the "smug complacency" Michael Grade had spoken of, whose opinion of Pip and Jane Baker's work had been widely reported, and quoted as evidence that he knew what to avoid. And then he gave us two good episodes, and another two watchable ones! How could anyone with professional self-respect feel satisfied with his work on that season, I wondered?

But presumably he wasn't, because for his second season he virtually wrote off his first year's work, radically reinterpreting the seventh Doctor. That took courage, particularly as his new approach was designed to create a mystery which might never be solved, and which would inevitably attract vicious attacks from critics unwilling (understandably after season twenty four) to give him the benefit of the doubt. And I certainly didn't, deciding that the solution to the mystery of the Doctor's background that I came up with was *far* too good for the 'slip-shod' Cartmel to have thought of. Five years on however, there is much that I like about Andrew Cartmel's approach to Who. By season twenty six it was working, more or less, and after the false start of *Battlefield* it produced a run of stories I can happily watch again and again. As the New Adventures have let slip further details, it's become clear that Cartmel's new background for the Doctor was not in conflict with his established history - indeed, applied imaginatively it even explains away a few continuity errors of the past, such as Pertwee's claim that he'd been a scientist for several thousand years, though I suspect this is just serendipity. But for all my appreciation of Cartmel's successes, I still find that the phrase which best describes the Cartmel era is "A monstrous carbuncle on the face of a well loved friend." It is not that I dislike the architecture of the Cartmel era. It is not that, for the first two years, that the actual edifice constructed around his plans was very shoddily built. It's simply that, like the initial proposal for the National Gallery extension, in its basic approach it is not in sympathy with Doctor Who. As a building standing alone it would be fine (perhaps that's why it started to work once it had two levels of its own structure, however shaky, as a foundation). But as an extension, it's bad architecture.

That's not to say that I feel the series' script editor should slavishly imitate the past - in fact, an ability to coherently criticise the current style of the series should be an essential qualification in an incoming script editor. Christopher Bidmead initially turned down the post of script editor on Doctor Who, explaining that he felt the series had degenerated into silliness. That hardly implies an high opinion of the show he inherited. But, crucially, his comments implied that, while he might not like the show as it was, he had liked it in the past. He liked it in principle, and therefore had a view of what it should be like, which built and *improved* upon the past. Whereas the comments of most of the Cartmel writers, many of whom had only seen 'a couple of episodes in the past' and consistently told Cartmel of their disinterest in the series when approached to write for it, suggest that while they could see something in the basic concept of this mysterious time traveller from a god-like civilisation, they'd basically have liked to knock down the edifice built up over the past twenty-odd years and rebuild on the same foundation to a new design. Which is a pity really, as their inattention to the series' history ensured that their view of the series was shallow and inadequate, and their reluctant attempts to conform merely sabotaged their own designs…


The lesser spotted Cartmel, as sighted at Nebula (Photo - Sheldon Collins)

Stephen Wyatt, for instance, was commissioned after JN-T found they had a common affection for J.G. Ballard's novel *High-rise,* and suggested it as the basis for a Who story. In issue five of *Skaro* Gareth Preston compared *High-rise* to the story it inspired and came to the conclusion that it revealed a lot about Doctor Who, and the limitations of its format. Reading his article however I felt that it actually revealed a lot about **Wyatt's** view of Who - the very elements of Ballard's novel which he excised from *Paradise Towers,* presumably as he felt them too subversive or adult for inclusion in a family SF show, are the very elements which should have made *High-rise* an excellent basis for a Who story. They couldn't have been as foregrounded as they were in the book - they should have been an undercurrent within the story detectable only by the most involved of viewers, but they could and should have been retained. Robert Holmes consistently showed how this could be done with his bastardisations of other works…

The case of *Silver Nemesis* is also instructive here. Kevin Clarke had also seen Doctor Who only a couple of times. Yet, as *The Making of Silver Nemesis* shows, Clarke was of the generation which grew up with Who, to whom the television of the sixties forms, as new BBC2 Controller has noted, a common heritage. Unless he lived abroad, or was unfortunate enough to have parents who 'disapproved' of television, he must have actively avoided Doctor Who to have seen only a couple of episodes. That shouldn't disqualify him from writing for the series - Terry Nation didn't think much of the idea for the show, after all! He could easily have produced a brilliantly original story that might have pointed the way to the future for the series. If Cartmel liked his other work, he should definitely have commissioned him for one of the season's more experimental stories. But to assign him to a story celebrating the first twenty five years of the series he's avoided? It's easy to understand why Andrew Cartmel should have been reluctant to 'waste' a full quarter of the season on a *Five Doctors*-style romp when there were things he wanted to do with the show, but nevertheless, once the decision to do an anniversary story had been taken, he should have gritted his teeth and 'led from the front' instead of fighting against it. As it was, he crippled *Nemesis* with conflicting pressures right from the start.

A comment of Clarke's however begins to suggest a pattern - in DWM146 he noted that, until he thought up the 'Who is the Doctor' theme of *Silver Nemesis,* he hadn't thought he could write either science fiction or Doctor Who, as he didn't think his "combination of thriller and black comedy could evolve and translate into Doctor Who." Yet this would be a perfect description of the balance at the heart of many of the series' classics. It epitomises Robert Holmes' work on the series, and (with their simultaneous repeat and video release) it's easy to compare *Revelation of the Daleks* to *Silver Nemesis* and see which is a successful mixture of 'thriller and black comedy'. Again, it would seem, the problem was neither the limitations of Doctor Who's format ("the format is that there is no format," to quote Cornell), nor the abilities of the author, but the author's view of the series.

The example of the early, Bantam, Star Trek novels comes to mind. These were generally written by underworked members of the American guild of SF writers, and, with a few notable exceptions, are indescribably awful. The problem seems to have been that, as SF enthusiasts, the writers assessed Star Trek by their own standards and judged it, pretty fairly, to be pretty bad SF. But in doing so they failed to see what made Star Trek good by **its own standards**. So they wrote books that combined appallingly derivative Trek plots, filled with every cliche that ever dragged the series down, and basic SF concepts (such as Dyson spheres) which mainstream SF had long since exhausted. "They actually **like** that rubbish! Just think how they'll react once they get a taste of the real stuff!" they must have thought.

Similarly Kevin Clarke, unappreciative of the strengths of Doctor Who, wandered the conventions of '88 confident that fandom would acclaim his poorly structured, self-indulgent collection of scenes (I can't call it a story) as 'the real thing', after all these years. So what if its internal logic was contradictory? The Cybermen's "unfortunate vulnerability", for example, even as presented in *Silver Nemesis*, didn't make them any more vulnerable to Lady Peinforte than the Nazis - it merely left them open as a human to damage from a well aimed arrow. De Flores should have had no more success in storming the folly than the Cybermen. (OK, so Richard had in fact run out of arrows - but De Flores **didn't know this** when he struck his deal with the Cybermen.) But Kevin Clarke was obviously so much in love with the idea of a triangle of superiority (one can understand why - its a lovely trigger for some dramatic stand-offs) that he chose to ignore the problems which undermined it, and presumed that no-one watching would care. He's a successful writer outside of Who - surely he can't demonstrate such a shaky grasp of plot structure elsewhere? So he must have felt that his work was so much more imaginative than the rest of Doctor Who that such inadequacies wouldn't be noticed - he may even have felt that they were part of the series' house-style.

That would certainly explain why so many Cartmel stories have lamentable plot structures. I'd once assumed that this was because, while Cartmel was a good script-commissioner, good at spotting decent ideas, he was a poor script **editor,** unable to provide the support that an imaginative but inexperienced author might needed. But his work on Casualty undermines this idea, so I can only assume he felt that a well paced plot was unnecessary in Doctor Who.

The apparent contempt for the past is again evident in the treatment of the Cybermen. (Why am I concentrating on *Silver Nemesis,* you ask? Not because it's an easy target, but because it's the prime example of the Cartmel approach falling flat, and falling flat not because of production and budget problems, as was perhaps the case with *Paradise Towers, The Happiness Patrol* and *Battlefield,* but because of the script, and as such demonstrates most clearly the inherent weaknesses of his approach). Until *Nemesis* gold had been lethal to them only in the same way that water is lethal to humans - fill their lungs with it, and they'll die. But humans don't dissolve, Newcomer-style, if sprayed with a water pistol (despite the efforts of some parts of America to ban super-squirters!), and if Clarke had **viewed** *Revenge of the Cybermen* or *Earthshock* with due attention he'd have seen this. Instead, it seems that his research into the Cybermen was limited to a scan of their Programme Guide entry.

Is this nit-picking, an emphasis on restrictive continuity unfair to creative writers? No, I don't think so. Writers dealing with any subject are expected to do sufficient research to ensure that they avoid blatant errors. To show saxon warriors defending Britain from Roman invaders would be unacceptable even in a sitcom nowadays; an author who told of cavemen hunted by dinosaurs would forfeit any claim to his serious reputation. Some basic research is an inherent part of a writers' job. Once he agreed to write a Cyberman story it was incumbent upon Clarke to double check the background to any elements of established Cyber-lore he might choose to use. That he did not is suggestive of his basic opinion of Doctor Who and its worth.

It suggests that he was not interested in why gold killed Cybermen - merely in the fact that it did. Run with that thought - that he was not interested in the Cybermen themselves, in **why** they were villains - merely in using them as such. That he did not expect there to be any subtext to Doctor Who, that he saw it as a simplistic battle between heroes and villains - a visual comic strip.

Whereas, in fact, the great strength of the Cybermen, like that of the Daleks, is that they are not simplistic villains. They are a tragic warning of what we might become - figures to be pitied as much as feared. Or, at least, they were in their debut stories, and their most successful reappearances have tended to be those which hinted at and re-emphasised their origins.

Which brings us to the most jarring difference between the Cartmel era and its predecessors. Cartmel's 'cosmic chess game' assumes that there are two clear-cut sides, black and white, good and evil. But that hadn't been the case in Doctor Who until then. Villains had understandable motives. Heroes, weaknesses and inadequacies. They were even capable of atrocities (such as the Brigadier's attack on the Silurians). But while the Doctor correctly condemned such behaviour, he could also 'forgive the sinner', accepting that, like him, they were fallible people trying to deal with situations beyond their understanding and control, capable of learning from their experiences - capable of self-improvement. He was reluctant to abandon even Eric Klieg.

The seventh Doctor however seems uninterested in redemption, except where Ace is concerned. He may not kill himself, but he does nothing to avert the deaths of those around him who blunder into peril through their own ignorance, thoughtlessness or greed. He seems to feel that people should get what they deserve - no second chances.

As early as *Dragonfire* this 'the wages of sin are death' approach is evident. The Doctor sends Belaz back to Kane, though it would have cost him nothing to have helped her. No other Doctor would have willingly sent her back to her death, but Sylvester's seems unwilling to aid her until she has proven herself worthy, and paid off a debt he *acknowledges* she'll never be able to repay and which she contracted out of ignorance when she was *sixteen!* Does this mean that he'd have abandoned Ace to Kane's mercies had she accepted his coin? It would seem so, unless he's a hypocrite on top of everything else, but the incongruity of the idea underlines how out of place such an action would previously have been on the Doctor's part.

This is not a Doctor who is never 'cruel or cowardly, who shows compassion to his enemy and takes no joy in his victory' (Terrance Dicks). This is a Doctor who lacks compassion, who is judgemental and callous, who condemns those whose weaknesses and imperfections lead them astray. This is not a Doctor I would want to know, and not a Doctor I can respect (It's easy to be right when knowledge and power are on your side). This is a Doctor any of his predecessors would themselves have condemned for his abuse of power, for his uncaring attitude towards those he cannot use. And that this Doctor is present **before** the development of the Masterplan explaining the changes in the Doctor's character is instructive. It demonstrates how little Cartmel understood the world of Doctor Who (and it is Cartmel, I'm sure, as the epilogue to the *Fenric* novel shows that, deep down, Ian Briggs did not share this black and white, good and evil view of the Whoniverse.)

It wasn't until the series changed that I realised how great a part of its appeal its unstated, unconscious view of morality had been - the idea that no-one is perfect, and that the good and the evil may be identified by their actions. Whereas under Cartmel, the sides are clearly defined, but their actions are almost identical. The Doctor traps and destroys, without concern for those caught in the cross-fire, but that's OK, because he's good, and his enemies are evil. And if you believe that, then you'll believe that the seventh Doctor's a pacifist, and that it makes a difference that he talked that Dalek to death instead of shooting it. (He still set out to destroy it. He still **did** destroy it, he just used different means. The scene still showed the Doctor deliberately causing the end of a life, just as Ben Aaronovitch intended when he wrote an utterly inappropriate scene in the first place.)

Five years on, I almost wish that Doctor Who had been cancelled after season twenty three. Given free rein, without all that history to hold him back and cramp his style, Cartmel might have given us an innovative and successful SF series right from the start, and without the Doctor Who name to attract Powell's ire, it might have even survived beyond that single year where it actually worked. And best of all, Doctor Who could now be revived without this monstrous carbuncle forming an established part of its architecture.

Anthony Brown

MORE THAN HUMAN

All knowing, all powerful … Who ?

"If I knew everything that was going to happen, where would the fun be ?" The Doctor, *The Keeper of Traken*

During the later part of Sylvester McCoy's tenure as the Doctor, especially during season twenty six, the central character of the series became drastically removed from any interpretation that had gone before. The Doctor was a dark figure, his motives obscure, his presence felt keenly wherever he decided to visit. The TARDIS now seemed to function perfectly, and its occupant was a creature not only of great intellect, but of almost god-like stature. This man was no longer a wandering adventurer — the Doctor had a purpose, but left us guessing as to his ultimate intent.

Indeed, the entire style of the programme altered with this new interpretation of the Doctor; the scripts became more complicated, and the narrative structure allowed for much ambiguity as to what the events on-screen were depicting. Even the expository format of the series altered; the straight- forward, distinctly linear narrative progression (eg *State of Decay* — Doctor and Romana leave TARDIS — enter tavern — leave tavern — get captured — escorted to rebel base etc, with all the action seen on screen), that characterises most adventure series, gave way during seasons twenty five and twenty six to a bolder style that forced the viewer to actively 'read' the text in order to decipher its complex meaning and narrative ellipses. *Ghost Light* is a prime example: The Doctor and Ace arrive, and wander around with total impunity. The Doctor crops up everywhere and an entire day vanishes in the narrative along with Ace's sleep, with no clear indication of what the rest of the household have been doing in the meantime. Characters are introduced, temporarily abandoned, new ones brought in, all in rapid succession. The effect is somewhat disorientating — just as the Doctor's movements around the base in *Fenric* are, appearing in a new location in virtually every shot during part one. Diegetic space/time is distorted through these rapid scene changes, and events are thus harder to keep up with. Consequently, the casual audience comes to depend more on the central figure of the programme, the Doctor himself, for their comprehension of events. His presence defines the show as being Doctor Who, and his explanations clarify the fractured plot.

But the explanations are not forthcoming.

This new Doctor seems to know things way in advance — not simply knowledge of other life forms that he has never met on screen such as Sontarans or Raston Robots, but events, timings, decisions. This is traceable in McCoy's Doctor to *Remembrance of the Daleks*, when he is anticipating the Daleks and his final solution : "I can do anything I like!" he cries, and certainly proves it when he blows up Skaro, an unparalleled act of violence. At this stage, however, he seems to have only a vague notion of what will occur : he is caught out by the grey Dalek and does not expect the Dalek ship to arrive in the playground, for example. However, by *The Greatest Show in the Galaxy* part four he is able to precisely predict the entrance of the amulet into the Dark Circus and knows that the massive explosion that ends the evil will not touch him, hence his calm ignoral of it.

But how did he know ? It makes for an intriguing story, yes, and highlights the mystery around the Doctor so blatantly introduced in *Silver Nemesis*. However, with the Doctor forearmed in knowledge and confident of his success, casually manipulating events to his own advantage, much of the suspense in the stories is inevitably negated, the Doctor's role in events so ambiguous as to completely alienate the general public, even if the fans lap it up. "You always know" cries Ace, and no, he never bothers to tell us. This omniscience, coupled with his apparent indestructibility (if the motorbike crash in *Survival* is anything to go by), transfigures the familiar, eccentric adventurer persona into a god-knows-what : a dark immortal guardian of the fates, inscrutable, cold, callous, amoral. Only McCoy's Doctor could quip "The cream of Scotland Yard" on the dissolution of a human policeman into primeval soup — a tragic act that he knew about without even witnessing. Again — how ?

Obviously, Time Lords are capable of precognition — we have only to turn to *The Deadly Assassin* for that. And yes, the Doctor has been in contact with the Matrix, the repository of all knowledge, on more than one occasion. Yet if this is the source of all his new found abilities, what suddenly provoked the transformation ? In *Dragonfire* the Doctor is wittering about "a quick adventure and back in time for tea". By his very next story, however, he is worriedly contemplating the 'unpredictable ripples' that all decisions cause, and by *Fenric*, his troubled mind empathises with the undercurrents beneath the still waters of time and events. His battles have reached a truly cosmic level — "Evil since the dawn of time" is the threat that now seems to obsess him, a calculating evil intelligence that spawned Ragnorok, Fenric — probably a thousand other things from Norse mythology for all we know. The Doctor no longer faces those corrupted by evil, villains such as Skagra and the Daleks, but the universal source of that evil. As the threat has grown so much greater, so too, it would seem, has the Doctor's persona, transcending his former self.

It would be interesting to see how McCoy's Doctor would have progressed in a further season on television. The New Adventures see his character continue in similar vein — hardly surprising with writers like Cartmel, Aaronovitch and Platt — but Doctor Who is a television programme, and if the show ever does return, it should remain faithful to the television concept, not to a set of books, no matter how 'official' they may be.

Of course, the question still remains, where can the Doctor go from here ? the programme has rather written itself into an impasse. JN-T seems to have sacrificed any notion of an 'inner logic' to Doctor Who, with contradictions in the stories so massive that they do not just annoy, they frustrate. If the Doctor is not a Time Lord, as Peinforte suggests in *Silver Nemesis*, why has he been tried as one twice before, and why would Fenric call him Time Lord so readily and frequently? Where do powers such as the 'stun-finger' *Survival* and the ability to alter people's will (*Battlefield*) come from, and why have they never been used before? This is not mystery, it is blatant, unnecessary contradiction.

In creating a God-like super-being out of the Doctor, twenty four years of a consistent, yet enjoyably and engagingly unpredictable character has been sacrificed. Troughton was very sinister at times, and Tom Baker emphasised the alien side of the Time Lord, yet the Doctor was always recognisably human. We should reflect on the fact that when this fundamental character trait was more or less cancelled, so too was the series.

Stephen Cole

SILVER NEMESIS

BBC Video - BBCV4888
Released April; £12.99

USUALLY, returning after several years to a story one disliked is pleasantly surprising. You might find that the dull tale you remembered is actually a masterpiece of atmosphere and characterisation. At the very least, you'll discover many worthwhile moments you'd previously overlooked. It's rare indeed to find a supposed clanger that's as bad as fandom painted it, and rarer still to find a story that's even worse than you thought.

Sadly, such stories do exist, and the very worst, I'm now convinced, is *Silver Nemesis*. Before rewatching it recently, I had not seen it for three years. I recalled thinking it was bad, and expected to have that opinion reinforced... but nothing prepared me for how lousy it really is, nor for how angry it made me - anger which began as mere irritation but had grown, by the end, into raging fury at the sheer unprofessionalism of what I was watching.

Once, I merely disliked *Silver Nemesis*. Now, I despise it. Glossy, glitzy but vacuous, it epitomises all that went wrong under JNT and Cartmel. Morally, philosophically and intellectually, it is utterly brain-dead, a story without a heart or soul.

Technically, it isn't bad. Production values are okay, effects are at best outstanding and at worst merely competent, and the design - particularly the period costumes and interiors - is beautiful, enhanced by richly atmospheric lighting. Sadly, no amount of visual sheen can save a script this bad.

Kevin Clarke is simply the worst writer in Doctor Who's history. Others have penned cornier, sillier or more cliched scripts - but I can think of no other which so consistently fails every test that could possibly be applied to a drama. Like a pianist who attempts a concerto before mastering his scales, Clarke fails to display even the basic skills of his craft - in fact so unstructured and undisciplined is *Silver Nemesis* that its hard to call it a story at all. Stories, after all, have a beginning, a middle and an end, and present their ideas in a coherently structured fashion. Even the most innovative TV dramas obey these rules. Different plot strands may run parallel, but there is usually a point where they intersect and are satisfactorily resolved. *Silver Nemesis*, on the other hand, is a loose conglomeration of unrelated events, haphazardly thrown together without regard for their relevance to each other. The result lacks even a semblance of cohesion, and feels completely aimless, as if the cast and crew were just dashing around on location from one set-piece to the next. At its worst, *Silver Nemesis* gives the strong impression that it was improvised without any script at all. Its total lack of discernible plot or theme leaves the viewer infuriatingly dissatisfied, no wiser at the finish than at the start as to what its all about, and it hasn't even the courtesy to provide food for thought, which might at least make its ambiguity forgiveable. A message can cover a multitude of sins.

Even when Clarke tries 'tricks of the trade' the results are ham-fisted. His attempts to lend Lady Peinforte and Richard a period air through their dialogue are laughably amateurish, leading to floods of Hollywood-Jacobean cliches worthy of a bad Shakespearian parody. Elsewhere, Clarke's feeble attempts at comic relief give us such unfunny scenes as the stringing up of the skinheads, the Mrs Remington sequence, and the cringe-inducing encounter with Her Maj, whilst supposedly witty exchanges between Lady Peinforte and Richard fall like a lead balloon. Even Clarke's attempts at dramatic conflict fall flat, since he has failed to grasp that such conflict must arise out of the character interplay. Instead, he **imposes** it on the text, manufacturing scenes in which characters suddenly stop what they're doing and have an argument for no readily apparent reason. Character motivation is non-existent. Nobody seems to have any reason to do what they do, they are just mindless pawns at the author's beck and call, who frequently change their behaviour completely and without cause - a process which culminates when Lady Peinforte becomes obviously mad in barely a minute!

The characters are one-dimensional stereotypes without a breath of life. Lady Peinforte is a stock nutter, despite attempts to give her depth when she's faced with her own mortality, and DeFlores and his Nazis have all the sinister presence of their counterparts on Allo Allo. There is no moral discourse in the script, and no **attempt** to convey the sickening evil of Nazism. DeFlores and co are mere comic book villains - something particularly offensive when the monstrous creed they supposedly represent is again on the ascendant.

Clarke's concepts are equally feeble. The Nemesis 'comet' leaves one wondering just how the Doctor managed to build and launch an artificial meteor complete with rocket motors in 17th century England - and, indeed, why any of the eminently sensible previous Doctors would do something so patently absurd. The Nemesis statue, which should be the awesome focus of the story, is ludicrous, like a refugee from The Goodies, and not helped by Clarke's dismally mundane dialogue.

Then, of course, there's the poor bloody Cybermen, who here reach their nadir, reduced to a race of wimps who flee from the merest speck of gold, there only to be shot down and blown apart like Silver Aunt sallies. Only in part three are we given a glimpse of their old invulnerability, but by then it's too late - we've seen them destroyed so often and so easily that it's impossible to find them menacing any more. They come across as just another pointless inclusion, searching in vain for their place in the plot as they wander aimlessly from spaceship to crypt to aircraft hangar.

But its unfair to heap all the blame on Clarke - many of *Silver Nemesis* 's failings are those of the entire Cartmel era; there's the abysmal characterisation and plot construction; the bastardisation of the show's past; and a typically Cartmelian attempt to mask a ropey grasp of science beneath a mix of fairytale magic and New Age mysticism is also in evidence, along with every Cartmel cliche from the Doctor's foreknowledge of the entire plot through to the quest for yet another all-powerful relic-cum-superweapon... and if Clarke's script was incoherent, the editing rendered it unintelligable. If ever proof were needed that JNT was more interested in showcasing guest stars and locations than in ensuring his audience cold follow the story, this is it. How else can one explain that vital story points were cut, while irrelevant cameos were left intact?

Then, there's the 'Cartmel Master Plan', of which *Silver Nemesis* is supposedly the major milestone. So much work has been done on this development, in fan fiction and The New Adventures, it's easy to forget that on screen it never amounted to more than a few clumsy, annoyingly vague hints, most serving only to suggest that Cartmel had no more idea who the Doctor really was than we did. Clarke seems to have been briefed to re-establish the question "Who is the Doctor?", and this he does by unsubtly and repetitively beating us over the head with it right to the final shot. So vague are the hints about the Doctor's past, one could be forgiven for missing their implications altogether, and in this respect the Cartmel Master Plan is the ultimate manifestation of Nathan Turner Who's narcissistic obsession with its own cult - a major development of the show's mythos is presented in a form discernible only to those who've read umpteen interviews with the writers and attended their convention panels.

Ironically, Cartmel's attempts to turn the Doctor into God's understudy coincided with the Doctor least suited to the job. McCoy is at his worst in *Silver Nemesis*, displaying all his many failings in the role. He lacks the presence, authority and charisma necessary for a good Doctor, and on a purely technical level he is a lousy television actor - his inflections, his **breathing**, are just plain wrong, losing or distorting the meaning of whole paragraphs of dialogue, and descending into ranting incomprehensibility when called upon to display anger, agitation or righteous fury. Asked to be funny, he's just embarrassing. In grave and sinister mode, he looks bilious.

The rest of the cast are little better - only Sophie Aldred and Gerard Murphy emerge with honour. Fiona Walker is dire, Anton Diffring seems uninterested, and David Banks' Cyberleader has degenerated into pure ham.

Chris Clough's direction ranges from the inspired to the abysmal. Thus we get beautifully atmospheric scenes in Lady Peinforte's house and crypt, but also battle scenes which are too obviously stagey, and Lady Peinforte's risible suicide dive into the Nemesis, while the story's grand climactic confrontation, already feebly scripted, is weakened further by the four-square manner in which Clough shoots it. Nor does it help that the story is shot on videotape, whose harsh clarity

Continued overleaf...

The Additions

THE EXTENDED version of *Silver Nemesis* is both better and worse value than that of *The Curse of Fenric*. Far more footage has been restored, almost twelve minutes worth, but the story is no better (or worse) as a result. The resolution of several celebrated plot holes is disappointing (particularly the infamous hypnotism scene), while others are created by the restored footage. DeFlores' Cyber-conversion is restored, but his escape from the Cybermen is now unexplained, save for an embarrassing shot of Karl knocking a Cyberman over like a suit of empty armour, with no explanation of how it was overcome.

The restored version does however reveal that we owe JNT an apology. He did **not** edit out essential plot details while leaving Delores Gray's cameo untouched - her scenes were originally *even longer* than in the transmitted version...

Technically, the restoration is adequate. My copy broke up at one point, and a blatant double edit occurs at the story's climax. But otherwise, the extra footage integrates well. No extra music has been added, and as a result many 'establishing phrases' at the start of scenes have been moved to run over new footage, leaving transmitted sequences without their incidental music!

1)3.18 (30 secs) Addition to scene: De Flores explains how fifty years ago he stood at the Fuhrer's side as he ordered the first step of their journey to greatness; now they will take the second and final one, and they will not fail.

1)4.40 (15 secs) New introduction to scene: Richard informs Peinforte that the potion needs only the final ingredient, and that he would suggest... but is interrupted by the mathematician before he can continue.

1)8.22 (8 secs) New introduction to scene. Ace tries out her catapult as the Doctor fetches her Ghetto-blaster from the TARDIS. The Doctor shouts "Duck" at her as he emerges, and then points out an appropiate bird.

1)13.00 (20 secs) New scene: Karl informs De Flores that they are approaching Windsor, and asks if the men can get out of the minibus to walk around a little. De Flores refuses, explaining that they must not keep history waiting.

1)13.50 (75 secs) New scene: De Flores's minibus draw up by the crash-site. De Flores points it out, and explains that the site of Nemesis' return to Earth will become a shrine. Karl informs him the men are ready and awaiting orders. De Flores orders him to drive to the best hotel where they will refresh themselves - for now, the meteor will be too hot to handle. He is sure that the British police can be trusted to guard it until it cools, as they have no idea of its power.

1)20.00 (brief) Addition: Extra shots of the tour group during the Windsor establishing sequences, showing more clearly the various Who celebrities, and including some of Vere Lorrimer's tour guide spiel.

1)23.00 (34secs) Extension: The Doctor and Ace continue to reason with the Windsor guards, before the Doctor 'hypnotises' them by speaking to them harshly while wearing his spectacles. They freeze for a moment and then chase after the Doctor and Ace. [leads into...]

1)23.34 (15secs) New scene: The 'Walkmen' inspect the Nemesis meteor, and, after one changes a tape in the player on his belt, they communicate with their masters. [Leads into...]

1)23.49 (42secs) New scene: The Doctor pauses to inspect a Van Dyke and is dragged away by Ace. Chased by the guards, they run through the tour group and down a staircase, where Ace spots a portrait of herself. The Doctor explains that it hasn't been painted yet, noting that it would have made sense to Louis Armstrong, who really understood time.

Part One now runs to 29.10 minutes in total.

2)1.26 (10 secs) Addition: The Cyberleader notes the Doctor's new appearance, and comments that otherwise their anticipation of his presence has proved entirely accurate. Also, some extra shots in the battle between the Cybermen and the neo-Nazis.

2)5.40 (53 secs) New scene: The Doctor and Ace return to Lady Peinforte's house to find the mathematician's body gone and the chess pieces moved. Commenting that the mathematician, while a genius, needed help to get started, the Doctor locates a scrap of paper and burns it. He then makes a move on the chess board. [Leads into...]

2)6.33 (08 secs) New scene: The Cybermen carry the cocooned statue onto their craft.

2)21.10 (31 secs) New scene: De Flores tells Karl that Wagner must be rewritten - the supermen will control the giants. Only two illiterates stand between them and the Fuhrer's dream.

Part Two now runs to 25.49 minutes.

3)1.50 (30 secs) Extension beyond recap: The Doctor explains that they have to get the bow into the statue's hands to activate the validium [Leads into...]

3)2.20 (80 secs) New scene: De Flores attempts to explain to the Cybermen. The Cyberleader however understands perfectly - believing he had the entire statue, De Flores attempted to betray them. Before the Cybermen can kill him, De Flores flings his gold at the Cyberleader and escapes, but is caught outside the door by Karl, who explains that De Flores misunderstands both Wagner and history. Supermen are all very well, but the giants are the master-race. He hands De Flores over, asking that he become a Cyberman. The Leader orders that he be programmed, and instructs his forces to hunt down the Doctor and Ace. (Parts of this sequence were transmitted at a later point in the episode.)

3)7.20 Deletion: After the TARDIS dematerialises, De Flores' escape from the Cybermen (a brief scene cut together from sequences reinstated above) has been removed.

3)7.20 (50secs) New scene (replacing above): Peinforte rants on how she shall become mistress of all that is, was, and shall be, becoming obviously unhinged over the course of the scene.

3)9.28 (36secs) Extension: Richard leads Lady Peinforte to a bus shelter where she sits down and starts to moan to herself before he starts trying to flag down a car.

3)10.45 (12secs) Extension: After Ace promises to protect the Doctor, he asks if she remembers his strict instructions that she should never again cause explosions.

3)11.13 (15secs) Addition to scene: Mrs Remington orders her chauffeur to pull over and give Peinforte and Richard a lift.

3)11.45 (12secs) New scene: Karl pushes over a Cyberman and removes De Flores' programming headset. They laugh at how they fooled the Cybermen.

3)12.43 (28secs) New introduction to scene: Mrs Remington asks Richard if he's a student: he explains that he cannot read, but that his mistress is of noble birth and has some Latin and Greek.

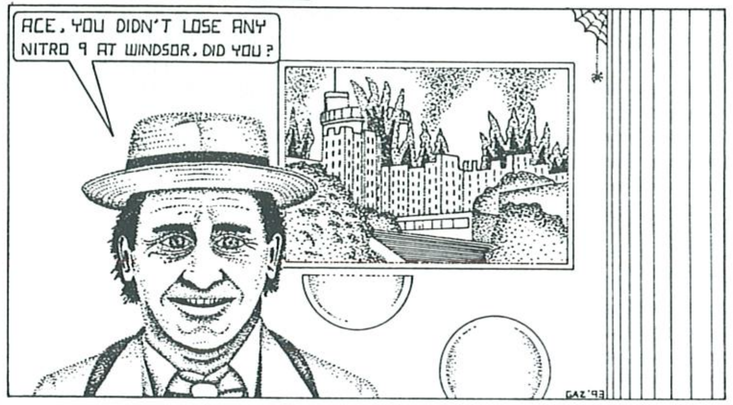
3)24.21 (30secs) Addition to scene: The Cyberleader notes that the Doctor has the rendezvous position of the fleet on his pad device. The new and final era begins here - imagination, thought, freedom, pleasure, all will end. Earth will become the new Mondas, and the Cyberleader will let his captives watch the arrival of the fleet before killing them. (This leads directly into a transmitted close-up of the Cyberleader ordering the Nemesis' launch which shows appalling continuity to the reinstated sequence and jars badly.)

3)25.47 (brief) Addition: Mrs Remington takes a snapshot of the Nemesis' launch.

Part Three now runs to 29.16 minutes.

Anthony Brown

THE SCENE THEY DIDN'T PUT BACK IN SILVER NEMESIS


ACE, YOU DIDN'T LOSE ANY NITRO 9 AT WINDSOR, DID YOU?
GAZ '93

DWB112 Omission :
Apologies to Raymond Twatt for not crediting him for the *Terror of the Autons* artwork on page 19.

undermines Clough's attempts at a doomladen atmosphere - nowhere more so than when the Cybership whooshes into part one, as inappropriately glitzy as if it had just escaped from *Delta and the Bannermen.* Keff McCulloch joins in the fun with his raucous, unimaginative score, rudely shattering the mood whenever possible.

As a piece of television, *Silver Nemesis* is truly dreadful. As a celebration of Doctor Who it is even worse - a bastardisation of everything the show is about, and an insult to the talented people who made it such a success. It is deeply dispiriting that so much money and resources were squandered on such worthless rubbish, while the far more deserving *Happiness Patrol*, a richly imaginative, innovative script, was done on a shoestring and suffered in consequence. As for *Silver Nemesis*'s release on video, one can only despair that such junk is given priority over far superior material. *Silver Nemesis* deserved a long obscurity. **(1? - Make it 2 for the technical side!)**

Tim Munro

The Making of Silver Nemesis

CAST YOUR MIND back to Christmas. You're sitting round the tree opening gifts and exchanging cards with the whole family in attendance and it's come to your turn to open presents. Someone hands you a large soft package and before you know it the video camera is upon you, capturing the moment for all time. You peel back the colourful paper to reveal a large, green and orange jumper several sizes too big, and for a split second your face shows your disappointment and horror. To make matters worse, the person who spent long nights knitting it is sitting right besides you. The enormity of the situation hits, and you look to the floor in the hope it will open up and swallow you. But the camera just keeps on rolling…

You think you felt bad? Just imagine how many of the cast and crew of *Silver Nemesis* must feel knowing that their unguarded moments and oversized failures are trapped for all time on 1 inch video tape. Up until now only the Americans got to see Dorka Nieradzik, the make-up supervisor for the story, make a rubber mask for Fiona Walker, that on fitting proved rather too small to cover the face of the actress. I find it quite incredible that someone in her position didn't know that rubber shrinks in the mould, but you could almost feel sorry for her because she at least admits her mistake: not so some of the others on this tape.

What's there to say about Chris Clough? I'm sure he's a nice enough man but is he up to the job of directing Doctor Who? We get to see him timing a rehearsal in order to produce a "sort of camera script". Considering by how much each episode of *Silver Nemesis* overran, it makes you wonder just how he timed it. Maybe a fluctuation in the sub-space energy fields affected his chronometer… maybe he just wasn't up to the job. I know which impression I got from seeing him work, and people tend to be more professional when they know they're being watched!

More fun is to be had at the expense of David Banks' unfortunate observations about the redesigned Cybermen. He praises the new-look costumes (even JNT hated them) because they "give the impression of being much more solid." If only. The combination of the paint used to spray them silver and poor workmanship resulted in the costumes splitting in such a way that the term 'Cyber-crutch' was coined to describe the condition. Step forward, Richard Croft, costume designer to the Cyber-race, and take your bow.

Kevin Clarke's talk about his script is probably the most damning section. He gives the impression that his story was based on a couple of appealing images, rather than a good plot premise. Am I the only one who thinks that this is a back to front way of concocting drama? I don't for a moment believe for one moment that *Power of the Daleks* was constructed around its set pieces. Not so the *Silver Nemesis* narrative, which was tagged onto the notion of 'something' heading towards the Earth, and Cybermen because they were the right colour for the Silver anniversary.

Only the technical crew actually seem to know what they're up to, and I for one would be quite happy for them to work on Doctor Who again, should the series ever make it back into studio (though they've probably all been made redundant by now thanks to Producer Choice). The discussion about, and demonstration of the glowing bow are both very clear and interesting. In general, set designers and special effects crew are seen doing a professional job in a professional manner, and their calm in the eye of the storm speaks volumes for the quality of the skills they bring to the show. If only the regulars had followed their good example, although there are a few other notable exceptions from the ranks of headless chickens.

One such is Keff McCulloch. you may not like his music, but his section of the tape makes for an informed, and quite restful break in the proceedings. The calm of his recording studio contrasts wildly with the clamour of rehearsals and filming, and his demonstration of digital sampling is as simple as it is informative. A surprise highlight in a patchy project.

The all-singing, all-dancing Gary Downie shows up throughout the tape; each time looking like the stress of keeping the whole production together is taking its toll on his nerves. I felt sorry for a man who appeared to have a job that Hercules would have balked at, and it is to his credit that he appears to maintain a sense of humour almost throughout. Of course, it might be the laughter of an inmate in bedlam.

I've saved some of my favourite horrors until last. I had thought of mentioning how the Cyberguns never got their electronic pulses added, but that seems rather tame in comparison with some of the really unspeakable terrors contained in the documentary. One of my favourites is JNT's chair! There, bold as brass, is the head honcho sitting in a canvas director's chair with his initials embossed on the back! In case someone forgets who he is perhaps? But maybe I'm being unfair. After all, an ego problem involving furniture might be open to misinterpretation. Not so his words… Did you know that he was "attempting to take [Doctor Who] very firmly into the nineties"? How ironic an epitaph for the man who killed the series off.

Overall, the documentary is a warts and all look at the making of an admittedly rushed production. The American presenter is unobtrusive enough to allow those in front of the camera to tell their own story, while filling in the background details that pull the sections together via voice-overs. There is something of the 'beginner's guide' to the production, but I suppose we have to remember that its original audience was not the dedicated Doctor Who fan. In so far as that is the case, there is enough meat here to appeal to the series' dedicated followers, and watched back-to-back with *Silver Nemesis* it makes for an interesting package.

All my comments were based upon a viewing of the American version of the documentary, and it is conceivable that the BBC will trim it for release over here. Depending on how you like your horror, this may be a good thing, but the full version is a certified frightener.

DECEIT

WELL, they're certainly coming thick and fast now, as Deceit's 325 pages following only four weeks after the 276 pages of *The Pit* bear witness. Whether I will actually have time to read any non-Doctor Who-related new fiction this year is open to question, and the cumulative thickness of the New Adventures on my Doctor Who bookshelf has now equalled that of the Colin Baker and Sylvester McCoy TV novelisations combined. The obvious immediate question to ask now is "Is more actually better?", and I'm considerably relieved to say that in the case of Peter Darvill-Evans' debut novel *Deceit*, it certainly is.

As the blurb on the back, and Darvill-Evans' own afterword testify, this novel was written, more or less, within the confines of his own guidelines to the other writers in the series. Therefore it stands as an embodiment of the writers' guidelines themselves, and seems to demonstrate that they stand up pretty well. Conversely, if you hated some of the previous novels in the New Adventures, then aspects of *Deceit* are certain to get up your nose. There is blatant sexuality, the use of the kind of language that real people use in stressful situations, and several nods towards the developments in literary SF that have taken place in the last decade. This is clearly not the kind of Doctor Who story that could ever be made by the BBC, in the way that only really Exodus, *Nightshade*, and especially *The Highest Science* could be. However, by the end of the book, I was sure that this was a good thing, and that the series really is moving in a positive direction.

I was wary of embarking on something as thick as *Deceit* after having been let down so badly by the unresolved subplots of *The Pit*, but can assure potential purchasers that Peter Darvill-Evans (that really is a bit of a mouthful. Can we not agree on using the three-letter-acronym P D-E, or would that conjure too many resonances with the last caretaker of Doctor Who?) treats his readers here with far more respect. In fact the seemingly unconnected threads tie up very satisfyingly as the novel gathers momentum, before ending in true Doctor Who style with the good protagonists all standing before the villain bargaining for victory. But I'm telling you the plot. The only poor piece of plotting herein is the rather clumsy, although interesting necessity of providing Ace with a tesseract, a gift from the Doctor at the time of their parting on Heaven, which with it's dimensionally paradoxical properties allows the Doctor and Ace to communicate before they otherwise would in the unfolding of the story.

This is not the only gift that the Doctor has bequeathed Ace, although the changes in her character since her last appearance are due to the wise decision to have allowed three years to pass since *Love and War.* I say wise, because I couldn't have stood another novel of Ace sulking at the Doctor for having sacrificed her latest beau in the name of universal harmony, and because the intervening period has enabled the character to develop into one sufficiently different as to be worth reintroducing to the series. This is underlined rather heavily by one of the several acts of deceit which justify the book's title being the Doctor's tricking Ace into keeping Abslom Daak alive for the duration of the story.

The plot is basically *Revelation of the Daleks* meets Neuromancer. No, really - I know you must be getting heartily sick of reading every month in DWB about how such-and-such a New Adventures novel is heavily influenced by the work of William Gibson, but it's true, honestly! Gibson's first novel ends with a confrontation with an artificial intelligence and a mad matriarch aboard an ancient and slightly gothic space station, as does *Deceit.* Many New Adventures readers, including myself, have been dismayed that one of the aspects of the Cyberpunk genre they have appropriated has been a proliferation of Philip K. Dickesque future-slang and and heavy abundance of futuristic brand names and gadgets that are utterly perplexing to the uninitiated. The accompanying decline in readability is what makes *Transit* such an unrewarding struggle to those like myself nurtured on the uncomplicated prose of Terrance Dicks and Malcolm Hulke. P D-E's prose is beautifully readable and unpretentious, but still rich and colourful, and Deceit continues the Doctor Who tradition of drawing on other works in other genres, taking their scale and concepts and making them palatable to those who would not otherwise encounter them.

A genre that I cannot claim to be familiar with is that of the comic strip, so I can't judge how well the Marvel Comics character of Abslom Daak - Dalek Killer has transferred from the frame to the paragraph. He is certainly very entertaining, and his main motivations being to kill as many Daleks as possible, use his chainsword for everything from opening doors to cutting his toenails, and to shag Ace as soon as the opportunity provides itself provide us with a clear-cut black-and-white characterisation. Such lack of ambiguity in all the characters assists in getting on with the story and makes the Doctor seem even more mysterious by comparison. He still doesn't feature in this book as much as I think he should in the New Adventures as a whole, although at last Bernice seems to be getting enough of a part in the story. There should be some interesting conflict between Ace and Benny in future novels, provided their characterisations remain consistent with those in *Deceit.*

The storyline snowballs by having all the characters already based on, or heading for the planet Arcadia, in the aftermath of the Dalek Wars (the book is set three years after Love and War). Another one of the story's deceits is Arcadia itself, set up by a corporation run by an artificial intelligence as a way of extending itself. The employment by P D-E of Christopher Bidmead's 'Block Transfer Computation' enables the artificial intelligence, Pool, to unleash horrors much more terrifying than anything in a New Adventures novel to date. The horror theme is pretty strong, and the Doctor's alienness comes to the fore when he argues that Pool has as much a right to live as any other entity, despite the obscene nature of its creation. *Deceit* would make a very powerful (and possibly uncertifiable!) film indeed. Unfortunately, I don't find reading about action-packed shoot-ups nearly as interesting as watching them, and my main criticism of *Deceit* is the sequence where Ace, Daak, and Defries (a sort of 'Ace meets Ripley' character) shoot their way from their life capsule which has just deposited them on Arcadia to the shuttle which will take them off again. This is padding, and the reader is recommended to go and play a blast-and-bomb video game for twenty minutes for a similar effect.

P D-E takes the opportunity of tying together some seemingly disparate concepts from earlier books in the series in a very satisfying way. We discover that Spinward Corporation, the public face of Pool, is a descendant of the Butler Institute introduced in *Warhead.* We finally discover what the hell has been happening to the TARDIS since *Witch Mark*, and there are references to all the post-Timewyrm novels. He even provides an appendix in which the events of the third millenium galaxy in which the books have recently been taking place are outlined. Since *Deceit* is as well as being the reunion of the Doctor and Ace, the reunion of Ace and Benny, it reads, more than anything else, as the sequel to *Love and War.*

This book also seems to sow the seeds for future novels, rather like the ending of *Transit*, with Kadiatu's time experiments. Here, we see that the Doctor has had a hand in the survival of the Butler Institute, it's subsequent existence as the Spinward Corporation, and the eventual passing of the Pool AI into existence as, wait for it, a benevolent computer virus floating around the space-time vortex. Isn't this were we came in ?

To sum up, I felt very reassured after reading *Deceit*, that the New Adventures is in good hands, and that P D-E actually cares a great deal about this series of books. And, for the first time since the New Adventures first saw print, I am looking forward to the next book, and finding out what happens to the characters in a way that I haven't since the TV series was last on air. I finally think of the New Adventures as canonical Doctor Who - a continuation, rather than a postscript to the TV series. Nice one, Peter, let's have another one. **(8)**

Dave Owen

The Mark of Mandragora

Published 15th April by Virgin's Doctor Who imprint, price £6.99 (ISBN 0-426-20396-8)

I'LL START by saying I'm not the greatest fan of the Doctor Who comic strip. Since Doctor Who was formulated for the small screen, I feel it works best in that format and has never translated as effectively to other media, be they book, stage or even audio tape. I'm also no fan of the Sylvester McCoy years - I believe that the comic strip approach as implemented by Andrew Cartmel did not work televisually and would have been better suited to comic book adaptations. Perhaps Virgin and Marvel were thinking along similar lines when they joined forces in producing this Who-related graphic novel. Whatever, it does appear that the seventh Doctor has finally found his ideal niche! This is not to say that the five stories featured are perfect, but they are a very diverse bunch and all fans of the comic strip should find at least one story to their taste.

The first of these, the Sarah Jane reunion Train-Flight - appallingly drawn by DWM veteran John Ridgeway - is very Hanna Barbera in its simplistic and corny style and is a disturbing portent of what might be should a cartoon series ever be sanctioned. Doctor Conkerer is one for the under sevens, while Andrew Cartmel's Fellow Travellers demonstrates just how much he misunderstood the Who concept. It is a source of great irritation for me that Virgin and Marvel choose to continue the Doctor's adventures in, predominantly, the Cartmel vision - whatever happened to the old style yarn where you could rest assured that each story would have a beginning, a middle and an end, and, above all, be fully comprehensible! Cartmel's tedious obsession with inserting such causes as environmentalism and racism into his works also raises its head in this convoluted (albeit well drawn) yawn.

Paul Cornell continues to laugh in the faces of those who gave up after the first chapter of each of his New Adventures with yet another load of pretentiously intellectual twaddle - funnily enough both Cartmel and Cornell are described on the back cover blurb as "luminaries of the Doctor Who world". Correction, they are luminaries of **their** Doctor Who world since they are clearly not of the same world as Whitaker, Holmes et al. Speaking of which, the book thankfully ends on a more traditional tale, The Mark of Mandragora, the only story in the whole book which could entertainingly be realised for the small screen. It is thoughtfully researched and written and genuinely exciting - even if the ending is a bit of a cop-out!

This is a well-realised first release from the joint efforts of Virgin and Marvel, and with a little tightening up of the content matter will make an excellent companion to the Classic Comics series which covers previous Doctors. The printing and colour is superb and despite its slightly exaggerated cover price, I'm going to award this bold concept a **(7)**

Gary Leigh

The Frame 23/24

£5.99 from comic book stores or 61 Elgar Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey KT5 9JP.

AND SO, after six years The Frame finally grinds to its last issue - a groundbreaking 76-pager which more than compensates for its rather lacklustre 52 page predecessor (and still mercifully 'only' £5.99) Sure enough it is an improvement , despite the age old criticisms of its shallow and vapid content not living up to its manicured presentation and being tailored specifically around the prettiest and most unusual photographs from the respective collections of Messrs. Howe, Stammers and Walker. A good article or interview will always stand up on its own, but this team's insistence on selecting their interviewees purely on cosmetic strengths has ironically proved to be its major weakness. Admittedly a major find of stunning new photographs from *The Seeds of Death*, which all but hold together the sparse recollections of set designer Paul Allen, help to offset this tedium slightly, but you'll still have to plough through an equally sparse (non) interview with Shirley Cooklin, derivative talks with Raymond Cusick, Barry Newberry and Ian Stuart Black (all almost identically interviewed elsewhere recently), or the self-indulgent 'special interview' with Nicola Bryant, whom The Frame shamelessly grovels to, obviously eagerly agreeing to her prestated condition that she only fleetingly mention her time on Doctor Who. But what the hell, the real point of interviewing most of these people is simply to enable The Frame to get its hands on its interviewees' photo albums after all! The one interview of genuine merit, however, which was both original and full of factual recall, was that of set designer John Wood, in spite of an appalling layout which saw four pages devoted to yet more pretty *Celestial Toymaker* photographs (three pages of which were accompanied by text covering other stories) but none from *The Myth Makers* which Wood also designed, not even a standard stock copyright BBC still (which The Frame has never shirked from using with gay abandon in the past).

Enough griping about The Frame's dubious priorities. What was good in its own right was a definitive article covering the making of the McCoy title sequence, beautifully illustrated and a fine example of visual content enhancing a well-researched article instead of vice versa. Truth is Stranger than Fiction, a short story by Pseudonym Smith, was also inspiringly written, but there the good bits end, for me anyway. Elsewhere the magazine plods along from article to interview and back again with no flow or direction, so one minute you are reading about the not so serious world of a female Doctor Who fan, the next about the love interests inherent in '60s Doctor Who! The attempt at news and reviews sections persists and continue to date the magazine, and that they appear when you least expect them is yet another consequence of The Frame's cosmetic priorities - fillers to enable the colour pages to be manoeuvred to prettiest effect.

And so we come to Stephen James Walker's The Final Word, described as "an opportunity to look at the state of Doctor Who and its fandom, and pass some comments on the future", but in reality a thinly veiled attack on those who Walker has silently derided all these years for not being, well, The Frame (naturally DWB features most of all in his firing line, which I suppose can be interpreted as a compliment!) How very sporting of Mr Walker to pen this piece of spite-laden tosh for The Frame's final issue, therefore depriving DWB of a right of reply. Ironically Walker does himself and his colleagues the greatest disservice of all by allowing this piece to reduce The Frame to the level of vilification which he so freely accuses others of, thereby ensuring that the magazine exits on the lowest possible note (I wonder if he paused to consider that?). Last issue I defended DWB against a vicious and unwarranted attack by DWAS co-ordinator Steve Wickham, and I do not intend to do so again against the barrage of insults and downright lies featured in this article and in the 'jobs for the boys' column which masquerades as a Fanzine Round-Up. All I will do is slightly misquote Mark Strickson elsewhere in this issue: **DWB is not afraid of telling the truth and does not pretend it's all smooth sailing…**

On a lighter note, it is a genuine shame that The Frame has ended. It filled a much needed vacuum for a reflective, optimistic and nearly always objective voice in Doctor Who fandom in contrast to the topical and harsh reality of the newsier and more opinionated fanzines like DWB, **all** equally deserving of a place within such a diverse and democratic fandom (and if you are the proud owner of every Frame ever published, you can at least boast of being in possession of perhaps the most densely packed and comprehensive Doctor Who photo album ever assembled).

Thanks for the memories! **(6)**

Gary Leigh

"We're of the generation that put a man on the moon, and the best we can do is talk about making tools out of stone."

SURVIVORS

The Fourth Horseman/Genesis
BBC Video BBCV4963, Released May.

SURVIVORS INTRODUCES its characters gradually. Jenny, Abby and Tom Price (played by the inimitable Talfryn Thomas, the stock BBC welsh actor of the time) appear in *The Fourth Horseman*, but Greg does not turn up until the beginning of *Genesis*. Jenny and Abby do not meet in the first episode. Tom meets Jenny, but does not throw in his lot with the group until some episodes later. It is clear that Survivors, though presented as a series, will be very serial in nature. Characters will come and go, but the core group will plunge on with its own objectives.

The first of these objectives will be the search for a character we never actually meet; Abby's son Peter, who is in a boarding school. As the series opens Abby receives a phone call from him.. The Death, as it will be called, is pressing in at the school, but it has not touched Abby yet, so, typical of her somebody-else's-problem behaviour in the first half of the episode, she is solicitous but not concerned. When her husband David (played by Peter Bowles) returns he too is concerned not about the plague but about the fact that because of it he has taken several hours to get home. Abby and David discuss the Death entirely as though it is something that is happening to other people and, true though this reaction probably is, it does seem a little overdone as they both assume that the ever-reliable 'they' will come up with some new wonder-drug. The only person not to suffer from this delusion is Jenny's doctor friend who tells her that everyone is going to die and she'd better get out. Anyway, getting back to the point, once all and sundry have popped off and Abby realises that she hasn't, she decides forthwith to go and find her son. This quest drives the first half of the first season andis mentioned as late as *The Lights of London* in season two. In the novelisation she eventually finds him, but in the programme...? Survivors was never that optimistic a series.

But in spite of all this gloom and doom no-one is actually seen to die on screen. Jenny's friend is the first to give up the ghost and become one, but out of picture, and although Abby is seen to get ill David is the one who dies, likewise offscreen and as one of the millions who die in the collapse of civilisation that occurs while Abby rides out the plague and the picture fades between her, her clock and the window.

Jenny is certainly the most initially sympathetic character in the series, but it is clear that, left to her own devices, she might not have lasted very long. The three main people that we meet in *The Fourth Horseman* are three different ways of reacting to the situation. Jenny tries to find company, initially with Tom Price, then with Abby who drives straight past her on the road, and finally with Greg in the next episode. Her meeting with Tom Price is certainly a highlight of the first programme. Director Pennant Roberts, more at home here than on Who or Blake, silhouettes them on the top of a hill, desperately needing each other but too scared to make contact, parting with good wishes on the assumption that they will never meet again. This is a fine demonstration of the tenor the programme will strike. Ironically and tragically, in spite of Tom's paranoid isolation and desire for self-preservation, he will eventually fall in with the group, with terrible consequences.

Genesis - Arthur Wormley (George Baker) ©BBC Video

This scene is one of a number of fine pieces of direction in the opening episode. The great sense of loneliness inevitable in the situation is wonderfully emphasised by a shot pulling back from above the church full of corpses. Abby stares up into the sky, begging not to be the only survivor, and doubtless wondering if anyone is watching over them now. But this question is one the series was not really interested in addressing.

Another neat piece of direction introduces Peter Copley (as Dr Bronson) at the school. Since leaving home Abby has met only corpses, and when we first see Copley he is slumped over a table and fails to respond to Abby's calls. We assume he is dead, but he isn't, which is just as well because what he has to say is the essence of Survivors. His character is fairly familiar to catastrophe fiction, and indeed to any drama where lengthy explanation of the circumstances would bog down the plot. Much simpler to have someone who has worked it all out explain it. Copley's speech, however, is cribbed straight from *The Day of the Triffids*, a point which is emphasised by Abby repeating it virtually word for word in the following episode. **(8)**

Other articles will doubtless expand upon the symbolism of the house-burnng which ends *The Fourth Horseman*. The old life is ending and the new one is about to begin, and the title of the second episode, *Genesis* leaves little doubt that this is what was intended, which is why the opening shot of a helicopter flying overhead is such a wonderful incongruity. Abby has started the new life, but is the old one still going on? Has she got it all wrong? Well of course not because that would have made the next eleven episodes a bit silly. What it does do is demonstrate the difference in character between the two leads (until season three Jenny will always be tertiary to Greg and either Abby or Charles). Abby could never have got a helicopter off the ground. Her skills and Greg's are to complement each other.

This episode introduces Survivors beyond the core of our group for the first time, though it is characteristic of Survivors that at the end of this episode Anne Tranter (Myra Francis)'s fate remains uncertain. Greg and Jenny just leave her, saying she can join them again if she wishes. By the end of the episode the trio of Abby, Greg and Jenny is complete, but there is still uncertainty. "Will there be others?" Jenny asks, and the question goes unanswered. The previous fifty minutes, however, has left no doubt that groups are forming. Before the accident which crippled him, Vic Thatcher (played here by Terry Scully) was trying to set up a community, Abby is working along the same lines and Arthur Wormley (played by George Baker) already has a group established, which is going to cause some problems for Abby and co over the next few episodes. This is part of the function of *Genesis* as presenting alternative approaches to life after The Death. Anne is intent on setting up a contained feudal community in which she and Vic, and later Greg, are served by people working their land in return for food. This seems to her to be the best way of maintaining a comfortable existence in the face of the circumstances. Our and Greg's impression of her is confirmed by her disgust at having to drink warm champagne.

Another approach is that of union leader Wormley who has similar but wider ambitions to be enforced by his gun-toting yes-men. As a union man he is predictably less honest about his real intentions (perhaps even with himself), which are to further his own personal power under a cloak of social concern. Although claiming everything into common ownership, he reserves only his leftovers for his men, and has shot without ceremony anyone who tries to draw on these resources without his permission. After repeating more or less verbatim Copley's *Day of the Triffids* speech Abby leaves him to it, but it is clear that Wormley feels believes she will soon be forced to return...

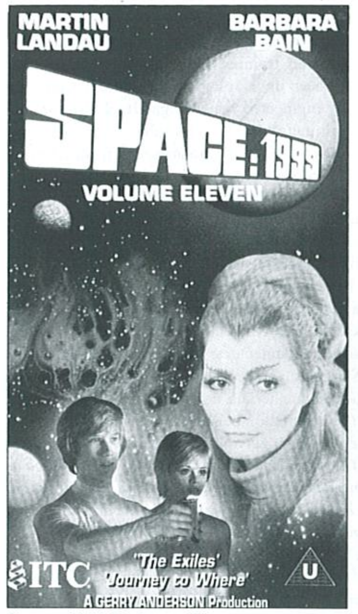
Instead, Abby plans to establish a self-sufficent farming commune, and it is the development of such communities that the series will chart. It's doubtful that the developments which flowed from this are what Nation intended, but by the end of the first season the narrative had taken on an inevitable direction, which may be one of the reasons Nation left. Ultimately, Survivors, begun as a lesson in hope and courage, becomes a lesson that economics, whatever the circumstances, is always with us. But it begins here as the purifying smoke of the Death rises between the three pioneers.**(8)**

Peter Linford

Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased) Volume Five
ITC 1915 £10.99

Could You Recognise The Man Again? opens amidst the first shots of a gangland war erupting across London. As threats and warnings give way to something all too tangible, Jean Hopkirk and Jeff Randall find themselves too close for comfort when they find a body in the back of Jeff's Vauxhall. Jean Hopkirk is kidnapped to ensure she cannot appear in court after she and Jeff are called as witnesses to the murder of (what turns out to be) one of the gang bosses. Things become even more serious when Jeff is unable to find Jean, even with Marty's help. Ivor Dean makes an appearance as the hard-nosed Inspector Large who suspects that Jeff and Jean have been bought off and does not believe the private detective's tales of kidnapping and death threats. Thus the remainder of the episode concentrates on Jeff's attempts to find Jean before the case closes. Without help from the law or Marty he has to rely on his skills as a private investigator despite the constant threat that London's underworld might seriously damage both his and Jean's health should he put a foot wrong. The story is steeped in the atmosphere of the time when the Kray twins were well established figures in the folklore of the city, their criminal activities being confined to London's dark underbelly of grubby amusement arcades and coffee shops. The double act of Norman Eshley and Dudley Sutton make one of their numerous appearances as a pair of menacing, psychotic thugs who threaten Jeff and act as Jean's gaolers. There are also one or two humorous touches, especially when Marty goes with Jeff to hire a suit for a rotary club dinner only to find that all the clothes in his size have already gone. This is also a strong story for Annette Andre as Jean as she holds her own against a great deal of intimidation. Given that the story is more of a straight crime drama rather than a fantasy episode, with very few of Marty's tricks, it may not however appeal to devotees of such ghostly escapades.**(8)**

Things are far from normal in *When Did You Start To Stop Seeing Things?* Jeff seems to be involved in the deliberate murder of the members of the board of a large London company. Worse, Marty is unable to communicate with his partner and has to stand by and watch as Jeff arranges meetings with members of the board only for an assassin (Keith Barron) to turn up in his stead and gun the businessmen down. For once Inspector Large's suspicions about Jeff are justified and Marty has to find help to solve the problem of his friend's strange behaviour. Thus is introduced the saving grace of this episode as a generous dose of humour is prescribed in the form of Clifford Evans as Sir Oliver Norenton, a Harley Street psychiatrist, who uses hypnosis during his consultations. Marty is able to communicate with Sir Oliver's patients and give them commands whilst they undergo hypnotherapy. Initially he arranges a consultation for Jeff with Sir Oliver, but as things become desperate he resorts to stronger, and more amusing, measures. This story required a lot of humour to lighten a rather flat plot but having said that the light hearted sections are well done although they don't quite jell with the rest of the episode. **(6)**



Space 1999 Volume Eleven
ITC 8170 £10.99

This first tape of the second season of Space 1999 opens with *The Exiles*. Gone are Professor Bergman, Paul Morrow and the spacious grey control centre, replaced by Tony Verdeschi (Tony Anholt), the Psychon shape shifter, Maya (Catherine Schell), a smaller control centre and the colour orange which is liberally applied to everything that *doesn't* move and half the things that do. Most of the changes are due to Fred Freiberger's arrival as producer, a move imposed on Gerry Anderson by ITC America. The story opens with Helena making a log entry a la Star Trek on just how great everything is going, only for her to be interrupted by things not going so great. The whole of Moonbase is swung into dramatic action as a swarm of missiles is detected which assume an orbit around the moon. As always Koenig is in the first Eagle sent up to collect one of the circling objects and is present when the missile is opened to reveal Blue Peter's Peter Duncan in a state of suspended animation, while the second capsule brought down to Alpha proves to contain Black Beauty's Stacy Dorning. Once the two space travellers are able to speak they tell Koenig that they are exiles from Golos, the peace planet and ask Koenig for sanctuary on Moonbase for their people; he refuses, but when the two exiles explain that their capsules will only last thirty-six hours in the Moon's gravitational field before breaking up he (unusually) changes his mind. But just to be on the safe side he shoots one of the visitors to check that his weapons are effective against them. It is a pity that this is an obvious plot device rather that original thinking on the part of Donald James, the script writer. To some extent this episode is still introducing aspects of the new season - Maya is seen changing her shape from that of Helena, to a silly monster, a tiger and a hag and yet takes very little part in the plot. It is interesting to note that in these early episodes she has brown ears which she loses later on (the colour, that is, not the ears). As episodes go this is far from a classic and the final result is a cross between Star Maidens and Fireball XL5. The plot centres on Helena and Koenig rather more than usual with the rest of the crew there simply to provide light relief. Surprisingly the model work in this episode is also below par. **(5)**

In *Journey to Where* the Alphans are sent into paroxysms of euphoria when they receive a Neutrino transmission from Texas City on Earth. They are less thrilled to discover that within seventy two hours of their first link to the home planet a galactic eclipse will block the signal. Hopes are raised again when Charles Logan (Freddie Jones) informs the Alphans that he will be able to beam them all to Texas City before the eclipse. Tests are made to check that the transfer mechanism works and plans for the evacuation of Alpha begin. This is where credulity is stretched once more; instead of beaming a handful of extras down to try out the route guess who end up with the first tickets home - Koenig, Helena and Alan Carter. Needless to say things go terribly wrong and our heroes land somewhere they were not supposed to, and the rest of the episode is spent trying to get them back. This episode is very similar to those of Lost in Space and Dungeons and Dragons where the heroes come within a hairs breadth of getting home only to have hope snatched away from them at the last moment. Unlike the above there is a certain amount of tension built up as teams of scientists on both Earth and Moonbase Alpha attempt to find and retrieve the missing crewmembers. **(7)**

Space 1999 Volume Twelve
ITC 8171 £10.99

One Moment of Humanity stands out from the other three episodes on these tapes in so far as it has a strong, simple plot running throughout, set into a well crafted episode. That is not to say it could not be better, indeed it is far from perfect, but it lacks the obvious padding seen in its fellows. The story opens with a mysterious power loss from Alpha which is soon explained by the arrival of a visitor from the nearby planet Vega. The visitor, Zamara, played by Billie Whitelaw, explains that she wants two Alphans to accompany her back to Vega, and that if they do not wish to come Alpha will freeze to death. The term wish is used here as the Vegans travel by Positronic Transfer, a mode of matter transport that requires that the traveller wish to go to their destination... Thus Tony and Helena are chosen by Zamara to travel with her. Once on Vega Tony and Helena find themselves in the sixties' version of sci-fi heaven; lots of beautiful women in diaphanous robes and flat-chested men in leather shorts waited on by androids in glittery body suits. Heaven soon turns to purgatory however when they are fed foul tasting food and insulted by the Vegans. Helena is warned by one of the androids not to get angry and she manages to stop Tony giving the Vegans the sharp side of his tongue. Later it transpires that the Vegans are the robots while the so-called androids are the original human population of the planet - relics left behind by their own technology. Helena and Tony attempt to discover just what the Vegans want of them, battling along the way with the androids and themselves. The majority of this episode is filled with varying degrees of tension, and even the dance sequence, choreographed by Lionel Blair, works well in context, although some negative comment must be made about the sequence where Helena is successfully seduced by one of the androids against her will. Charles Crichton's direction has a lot to do with the success of this episode as he is able to make even the most preposterous idea seem quite credible, such as the Vegans not noticing when Maya transforms herself into a parrot. Geoffrey Bayldon also performs well as one of the human - as always, he is able to add a little pathos to his role. As far as originality goes this memorable episode is as good as they come.**(8)**

In *All That Glisters* Koenig and Helena once again find themselves indispensable and offer their services to an expedition collecting a rare mineral from a planet the Moon is passing. When it comes to picking up rocks Koenig's your man. After all that's all he's ever likely to pick up! One is left wondering how Moonbase Alpha can cope without the Commander and the good Doctor; who is going to fly all the Eagles, who is going to tend to all the cases of athlete's foot, who is going to unblock the nozzle of the chicken soup machine? Without Koenig to look resolute and Helena bursting into tears every couple of minutes, the Alphans will just have to do the best they can. Other members of the expedition include Maya and Patrick Mower as Reilly, a comedy Irishman in a silly hat. Aside from being an affable eccentric, Reilly is also the Moonbase's top geologist (one must remember that with Bergman gone there were some vacancies for the posts as Moonbase's top ...ist). Once they have landed it is Reilly who leads the expedition to the amazing glowing rock, the pivot upon which the whole story revolves. It is soon discovered that the rock is a living entity straight out of Star Trek, but not soon enough to prevent a large chunk of it being brought aboard the expedition's only Eagle. Unfortunately the rock proves to be hostile and is determined to ensure the Alphans do not leave the planet. The rest of the story concerns the expedition's attempts to discover more about the rock despite several attacks on its members, but the episode relies on style and characterisation rather than a good taut plot told well. Patrick Mower shines as Reilly although his part in the proceedings could easily have been taken by one of the regulars left behind on the Moon. Although no classic this episode is above par and if all the other episodes of the season had reached this standard perhaps I would not have noticed Maya's ears.**(6)**

Supercar Volume Four ITC0794 £8.99
Having given two excellent Supercar episodes *(Flight of Fancy* and *Hostage)* to WH Smith to put on their exclusive versions of Space: 1999 Volumes Ten and Eleven, ITC have picked four indifferent stories to release on their own label. The four stories on this tape are well made and have just as much effort put into them as those already released, but they seem to lack that vital spark that separates a Gerry Anderson production from Bill and Ben.

The first episode on the tape, *The Tracking of Masterspy*, was obviously meant as one of the first Masterspy episodes, as although Masterspy and Mike have obviously met before, the fat felon is unfamiliar with Supercar and the other members of the crew. The tale begins with a long sequence of Mike putting Supercar through its paces, after which Masterspy walks into the Black Rock Laboratory armed with this knowledge and a revolver and the information he obtained by questioning Mike while disguised as a reporter and takes everything he wants, including a new invention of Beaker's, without our heroes putting up much of a fight. Before he leaves, Masterspy smashes one of Supercar's control units leaving Mike unable to follow until Supercar is repaired (although he could have simply run after the thief and punched him on the nose.) To find out how Mike Mercury manages to catch up with Masterspy and get back the stolen secrets you will have to buy the tape, but I would not recommend you lose any sleep over it. The episode relies on long sequences filled with technical jargon and there is very little to the story. **(6)**

Doctor Beaker's cousin, Felicity Farnsworth, makes her second appearance in *Phantom Piper*, after her bravura performance in *Jungle Hazard*. In this tale of skulduggery and intrigue, The Supercar team are called in by Felicity and her Uncle Angus, the McCrail of McCrail, after they are plagued by the Phantom Piper of Inverlachen, a harbinger of doom and disaster to the clan. Mike is a sceptic, who intends to use Supercar's monitor to prove that the piper is a man whilst Beaker is a romantic who would like to prove the existence of supernatural forces. As this tale unwinds we meet eccentric lairds, dancing monkeys, cantankerous retainers, and a couple of well known faces, but there are few surprises and Mike solves what turns out to be a very simple crime with very little effort. Most of the filming and directing is very well done, but the simplicity of the story and the odd twists it takes towards the end seem to be the result of hurried plot development. **(6)**

Deep Seven is another episode that relies almost entirely on jargon and all of the characters discussing the technical abilities of Supercar like a coach load of train spotters at the National Railway Museum. The long and the short of it being that Mike Mercury gets trapped on the sea bed during depth trials on Supercar. Bill Gibson is on hand to help Doctor Beaker extricate Mike from the situation. As you can probably guess, Mike does not die a horrible death under 4,000 foot of icy brine, so you might as well fast forward to the closing credits. **(4)**

Last but by no means least *Pirate Plunder* is the only episode on the tape with even the semblance of a half decent plot, although it has room for improvement. Jimmy Gibson brings to Mike's attention a news item about Henry (Black) Morgan, a modern day pirate plundering the pleasure craft of the Pacific Ocean. Mike, having nothing better to do, determines to go after Black Morgan and bring him to justice with the help of Supercar and his friend, millionaire V. Jason Monroe (the third). Mike persuades Monroe to take the entire Supercar team on a cruise on his luxury yacht in order to catch Morgan red-handed, baiting the trap by letting it be known that they are carrying $100,000 of diamonds. Given that this plot has more to it than the previous three efforts, the story is badly executed in a number of respects. The puppet of Black Morgan looks like a refugee from Four Feather Falls and appears totally out of place in this production, the puppets do too much walking, which always looks bad, but worst of all are the model shots. I have honestly seen more effective looking sequences with a clockwork Titanic in my bath. The saving grace of this episode was the character of V. Jason Monroe - not only did he have a believable personality but his puppet was very well sculpted, resembling as it did a jovial version of Masterspy. **(7)**

Anthony McKay

STAR TREK

THE NEXT GENERATION

9)**The Quality of Life** 21st November 1992
Written by Naren Shankar; Director Jonathan Frakes; Music Dennis McCarthy; Visual Effects Supervisor Ron Moore.
CAST:Ellen By, J Downing, Computer (Majel Barrett)

Some of the themes discussed in *The Measure of a Man* and *The Offspring* are reprised as Data takes up the cause of a possible new life form. And Geordi acquires a beard again.

The semi official poker game in Riker's quarters is just getting really interesting when the players are interrupted by the Enterprise's arrival at Tyras 7A to evaluate a new mining technology. The project has been in development for years, but has been beset by many problems and delays. The designer is highly committed to the point of obsession with perfecting her particle fountain, which mines the planet from an orbiting platform. She is less than happy to face an evaluation by Geordi LaForge, but also learns that Captain Picard will determine how favourable the report sent to prospective users elsewhere will be. She hopes that the machines she has developed to perform a variety of repair tasks will allow her to improve the efficiency of the operation. These 'exo-comps' are small self-propelled machines capable of fashioning their own tools. A problem in a power grid allows her to demonstrate their usefulness to Geordi.

LaForge brings her back to the Enterprise where it becomes evident that she has read everything available on Data's design and capacities. Data is equally informed about her research and she demonstrates the exocomp for her. The small device receives the information about a malfunction, creates a tool to repair it from a mini-replicator and adds new circuit pathways as it solves new problems. She asks Picard to give her a chance to bring her project up to peak efficiency using these devices before he makes his report - and to allow Data to help her.

They have barely started before a strange event occurs. An exocomp is ordered down a conduit to make a repair, but soon flies out again for no reason. Moments later the conduit explodes as an undetected fracture breaks. The exocomp's malfunction puzzles Data, but when he examines the mechanism he finds that the command circuitry has burnt out and that many new circuit pathways have been added to its system. Their inventor explains that the exocomps sometimes get this way, and that she has to have them erased and start over again before they will function properly.

Data becomes convinced that the exocomps may be acting out of self-preservation, that a new life form has been unwittingly created. Just as Picard defended Data's right to choose, he feels he must now demand an end to the exploitation of these units. Their inventor is outraged by the suggestion that her creation is anything more than a tool and demands that the work go on...

The idea of finding new life-forms gives Picard an excellent opportunity to adopt moral positions, as he does so well, but the drama found in previous explorations of this theme never catches fire here, perhaps because these machines cannot talk and engage our emotions as Data and his daughter could. The exocomps are suspiciously cute little devices seemingly perfect for toy shops... and bear a resemblance to the repair devices in *Silent Running*. Some fans were outraged that Data ultimately seemed quite willing to jeopardise the lives of his crew-mates for his mechanical chums. Ellen By plays the driven career woman (with lumpy fore-head, *of course*) and for once Geordi does not have a hopeless crush on the female engineer, who is much too busy having a major crisis every five minutes to notice him anyway. **(4)**

10)**Chain of Command, Part One** 19th December 1992
Teleplay by Ronald D Moore; Story by Frank Abatemarco; Director Robert Scheerer; Music Jay Chattaway; Visual Effects Supervisor David Stipes
CAST:Edward Jellico (Ronny Cox); Admiral Nachev (Natalijca Nogulich); Cardassian (John Durbin); Ferengi (Lew Wagner); Gul Madred (David Warner); Computer (Majel Barrett)

The first of two two-parters for the sixth season contains more surprises and stronger storylines than *Unification*, although the Cardassians seem so convoluted in their motives that one doubts that even they know what they are up to. This story served as an indirect link to the introduction of Deep Space Nine and sought to establish the Cardassians as major Trek villains... and also gave Patrick Stewart his annual opportunity to uphold the superior reputation of British actors.

Without warning, the Enterprise and its captain are headed into great danger. The ship is ordered to rendezvous with the USS Cairo near the Cardassian border for an urgent meeting with Admiral Nachev. She has no time for pleasantries. She has come to relieve Picard of his command - so that he can go on a secret and deadly mission.

The crew are told only that Picard, Doctor Crusher and Worf have been reassigned while the Enterprise is being sent to show the flag and open talks with the Cardassians. Their forces recently withdrawn from Bajor are now being redeployed along the frontier with the Federation and the Admiral anticipates a possible incursion to seize planets that have remained disputed territory since the armistice was negotiated a few years ago. To Riker's extreme irritation, the Admiral informs him that she is assigning Edward Jellico, currently Captain of the Cairo, to take charge of the Enterprise because of his past experience with Cardassians.

Picard, Worf and Crusher are still aboard, but preoccupied with mysterious training with backpacks and weapons in a holodeck cavern simulation. Picard cannot as yet tell the other two the details of their mission.

Riker's first meeting with Jellico is not endearing. Although the Captain seems informal and friendly, he has no interest in how things are currently being done or in the opinions of his junior officers. He sets about changing the work routines of the entire ship and ordering readiness reports from all departments. The crew are more than a little disturbed to attend a formal change of command ceremony between the two Captains, as no one knows how permanent the change is to be. Beverly is obviously exhausted and in pain from her exertions on the holodeck, but tells Troi she cannot discuss it. Jellico is obviously aware of Picard's mission however, and discusses ways in which they might be able to gather more data to help him. He discovers that Riker has yet to implement some of the changes he wants, and berates him in front of Picard, who is obviously uncomfortable with the tension between the two officers. A visit to engineering soon earns another rebuke for LaForge. Troi comes to see Jellico, hoping to discuss how the change in command isn't affecting the crew. She thinks he is receptive at first as he acknowledges that it must be unsettling for the crew... but he goes on to say that he doesn't have time for a honeymoon with the crew and that he expects her to take charge of the morale situation. He also tells her that he prefers a certain formality on the bridge and that he wants her to wear a uniform on duty from now on.

The unhappy crew ask Riker to talk to Picard about the situation, but Riker finds his former Captain in a state of near-collapse in his quarters after yet another training session and decides not to disturb him with their problems.

Picard and his team will leave the Enterprise in a shuttlecraft. He tells Jellico that they have been ordered to maintain strict radio silence until their mission is completed. He also speaks in defence of Riker and his crew, but Jellico tells him bluntly that the odds are he will not be returning from this mission, and that the Enterprise no longer belongs to him. Jellico expects that they will soon be at war with the Cardassians, and the Enterprise must be made ready.

Once the shuttle is launched Picard can tell Beverly and Worf what they have been training for. Starfleet believes the Cardassians have been developing a meta-genic weapons system - a genetically engineered virus designed to destroy an entire eco-system before mutating into a harmless form, allowing a conqueror to take control of the unharmed infrastructure and resources. Such weapons have long been banned and even the Romulans refrain from their use - partly because it is dangerous to even deliver such a virus. The Cardassians are believed to have been working on a way of delivering the virus without actually touching it themselves, on theta band subspace carrier waves, which have been detected in the vicinity of an 'unused' planet in Cardassian space. Starfleet suspects that an underground test centre there is perfecting the weapon. Picard has been chosen because he conducted extensive research on theta waves while on the Stargazer. Beverly is there to determine whether they have meta-genic materials, and to destroy them if the team can penetrate the installation beneath the surface.

Jellico, Riker and Troi get an unpleasant surprise when they hold their first meeting with the Cardassians. After Jellico and the Cardassian leader exchange unpleasantries, the Cardassians deny that they have any aggressive intent in the area and accuse the Federation of sending a small team into their space...

Ronny Cox is the first of many major guest stars to appear in this story. His portrayal of Jellico sharply divided fans between those who liked his more militarist approach and felt it was good to shake up the ship, and those who felt he was intended as an example of psychotic leadership. In either case, he had a disconcerting habit of walking slightly hunched over that brought to mind both Richard Nixon and Richard III. Many speculated that he might return if Patrick Stewart could not be signed for another season of TNG, a rumour Cox has supported, Now it is known that Stewart will be returning, it is still possible that Jellico will be seen again, if only to put some fire into Riker.

Natalija Nogulich appears as the equally chilly admiral. Picard would have good reason to wonder how fond Starfleet Command is of him after being ordered off on an apparent suicide mission by this pair. And, of course, David Warner appears in the closing moments of part one as the torturer Gul Madred. **(6)**

11)**Chain of Command, Part Two** 26th December 1992
Written by Frank Abatemarco; Directed by Les Landau; Music by Jay Chattaway; Visual Effects Supervisor Ron Moore.
CAST: Jellico (Ronny Cox), Cardassian (John Durbin), Gul Madred (David Warner), Jil Orra (Heather Lauren Olsen)

The 'secret' mission ends in a shambles. Picard is captured by waiting Cardassians and Worf is wounded. Picard soon finds himself brought before Gul Madred, who regards the Captain as a challenge. He already knows a great deal about Picard, in fact, the sole purpose of the whole ruse of letting Starfleet believe there was a meta-genic lab was to capture the Captain of the Federation's flagship. The Cardassians do plan to move against the disputed planets and they believe that Picard must know the defence plans for the border.

Gul Madred first tries drugs on Picard. They are quite effective - Picard reveals what his assignment was, and who came with him, but continues to deny that he has any knowledge of the defence plans. While this interrogation goes on, Jellico continues to quarrel with the Cardassian representatives on the Enterprise. They reveal that they have captured Picard and claim that he launched a terrorist assault which took many lives. Following the meeting, Jellico finally tells Riker and Troi about the mission and sends Riker to a shuttle rendezvous to see if any of the team escaped.

Picard is again taken before Gul Madred and demands to see the representative of a neutral power, as specified in the Federation's treaty with the Cardassians. Gul Madred tells him that he is a criminal, but that he will offer him one last chance to make this 'civilised' by telling him the defence strategy for the disputed reason. Picard protests that he has revealed all he knows under the drugs and that torture is expressly forbidden. Madred methodically enquires as to whether he has any ailments they should know of, and has Picard stripped and hung by the wrists for the night.

Riker returns with Beverly and Worf. Crusher is commended by Jellico for realising it was hopeless to try to rescue Picard and getting herself and Worf to safety, but the anguish of the decision is clear from her face. Riker asks to begin planning a rescue operation but is told to accept that Picard is gone.

Madred releases Picard from his bonds in the morning, but demonstrates the function of a device implanted in Picard's chest which can cause intense sustained pain at any point in the Captain's body. He now intends to break Picard's will.

Jellico and the Cardassians meet again on the Enterprise. Jellico denies that Picard was acting under orders, even though the Cardassians warn that he will be treated as a terrorist, not a soldier. If the Federation will withdraw from the disputed sector, they will be disposed to release the Captain. Jellico rejects that proposal, but in private Riker insists that they must acknowledge that Picard is a prisoner of war. The argument becomes heated and Jellico relieves Riker of his position, appointing Data as first officer in his place...

This episode proves a tour de force for Patrick Stewart and David Warner, working together for the first time since an RSC production of Hamlet in 1966. Their scenes together form a stark contrast to the conflicts on the Enterprise as the interrogator becomes obsessed with breaking Picard, even though he is well aware that his victim does not have the information he seeks. Patrick Stewart drew upon films and research from Amnesty International for information and insights into the use of torture. Warner, of course, had previously appeared in both Star Treks V and VI.

Besides Deanna Troi's assumption of standard uniform as her bridge costume, Riker's fall from grace places Data in a red uniform which (as in *Future Imperfect*) does not compliment his skin colour in the least. Troi continues to wear the Starfleet blue uniform for the rest of the season, although she is allowed a change of costume for less formal duties. It is rumoured that the change is partly due to Marina Sirtis' desire for a baby. Gates McFadden managed to hide her pregnancy fairly effectively beneath her blue lab coat, whereas Deanna's normal costumes would be hopeless in such a situation. Deanna has however never been known to step into the lab!

Opinion on this episode was sharply divided, though most people praised Stewart's remarkable performance. Many felt the plot was too convoluted and far-fetched - that a fifty-something (64 according to continuity consultant Mike Okuda) Captain of the flagship would never be sent on such a mission, and that the Cardassians (who already seemed to know an awful lot about what goes on in Starfleet) hatched a ridiculously complex plot to acquire the information they required. Some viewers were perplexed as to why Madred would torture Picard once he'd realised he did not have the information, thereby missing the sub-text of the torture scenes, which are more an exploration of the psyche of the torturer than the victim. In any case, this story adds another significant chapter to the punishment inflicted on Picard, leading to wry comments about the condition his mind must be in after this incident, the Borg incident, the *Inner Light* incident, etc. The Cardassians themselves are made to surrender rather too quickly given the desire to establish them as major villains for DS9 as well as TNG. **(10)**

12)**Ship in a Bottle** 30th January 1993
Written by Rene Echevarria; Director Anthony Singer; Music Dennis McCarthy; Visual Effects Supervisor David Stipes.
CAST:Moriarty (Daniel Davis); Countess Regina Bartolomew (Stephanie Beacham); Lt Barclay (Dwight Schultz); Holodeck gentleman (Clement von Franckenstein).

The Next Generation dips all the way back to the second season for a story featuring several significant guest stars... not the least of which is Sherlock Holmes as Paramount finally chose to come to terms with the Doyle Estate following objections to two early TNG episodes in which Data became infatuated with imitating the great detective.

Data is engaging in one of this favourite recreations, playing Sherlock Holmes on the holodeck. However, his brilliant deductions run into what seem to be glitches in the holodeck programming and they ask Lt Barclay to look for the cause. Barclay asks the computer to run all anomalous files, including those in protected memory, and is startled when a man appears on the holodeck asking for Captain Picard.

Barclay realises that a holodeck creation shouldn't talk this way, but the man identifies himself as Professor Moriarty and says he was created as a plaything but was made too well - that he became self-aware and was promised an escape from the holodeck by Picard. He assumes that nothing has been done about his problem in the four years he has been left in computer memory, a period he claims he was conscious of, at least at intervals, though Barclay can imagine no way that such a thing would be possible. But Barclay is sure that Picard would not have broken a promise. Moriarty is only slightly mollified, and asks that Picard meet him in the Baker Street dining room.

The Enterprise is in a potentially dangerous area of space observing the collision of two gas giants, and must be ready to move to safety when this causes the birth of a new star. Geordi and Data are absorbed in this work when Barclay informs them of his 'discovery'. Picard meets Moriarty to assure him that he has been working on the problem, but that the best minds in Starfleet have as yet failed to explain how he was created. Moriarty insists that he must leave, but Picard throws a book out of the holodeck to demonstrate the problems. The Professor insists that it is a case of mind over matter and that he will leave as an act of will, before walking off the holodeck intact. Doctor Crusher finds nothing unusual about him, and Moriarty insists that he wants nothing more than to explore this new world, but Picard is not ready to grant him complete independence as yet.

He warns Moriarty against criminal behaviour, but he insists that his past is but a fiction, presenting Picard with a much greater problem - he loves another holodeck creation, Countess Regina, and wants Picard to bring her into the real world to be his companion. Picard protests that they do not understand how Moriarty was created and cannot yet try to repeat the process. The bridge crew agree but Moriarty is not satisfied, and finds a way to reroute all the Enterprise's functions to his control. He will not allow the ship to be moved to safety until the Countess is freed from the holodeck...

Because events follow from *Elementary Dear Data*, a good deal is exposition must be incorporated into this script without bogging down the story. This seems to be the main reason for the inclusion of Lt. Barclay, who was not in the earlier episode. This is also the first time that Barclay has appeared in a story in which he was not the primary concern, and as such lent support to rumours that he might join the crew full-time.

Daniel Davis returns as Moriarty, and gives another strong performance, though the Professor seems a little fickle. Having once romanced Dr Pulaski, he is now utterly devoted to Countess Regina Bartholomew, played by Stephanie Beacham, who was fashioned for him to love in another of Data's programs.

An inconsistency seems to arise in relation to Picard's costumes in this story. **(8)**

13)**Aquiel** 6th February 1993
Teleplay by Brannon Braga & Ronald D Moore; Story by Jeri Taylor; Director Cliff Bole; Music Jay Chattaway; Visual Effects Supervisor Ron Moore.
CAST:Lt Aquiel Unari(Renee Hones); Klingon Governor (Wayne Grace); Morag (Reg E Cathey); Computer (Majel Barrett)

The run of good episodes since December hits a temporary set-back as romance rears its head for Geordi, the guy who keeps striking out with holodeck women.

The Enterprise is on a mission to resupply a remote communications relay station near the Klingon border. Two lieutenants have the unappealing task of manning the station for a year at a time. The ship gets no response to hails, and an away team finds no-one except a dog trapped in a service duct. However, Dr Crusher finds ominous cellular residue on the floor which she believes is all that remains of one crew member, but the material is fused to the floor and must be cut out before it can be sent to the lab for analysis. The doctor also finds blood stains belonging to the female crew member, Lt Aquiel Unari.

Geordi finds evidence that someone was trying to access coded messages in the station logs. He turns to Unari's personal logs to try and find information about what happened on the station. As he watches the messages the attractive young woman recorded for her friends and family, he learns that she was not getting along with her colleague, Lt Keith Rocha. As he becomes increasingly enchanted by the woman in the logs, he also finds a message in which she refers to problems with a Klingon. A Klingon border patrol ship apparently made a practice of harassing the station.

Picard contacts the regional Klingon governor, who is uncooperative and surly until Picard mentions that he will just go to Gowron for assistance with his problem. The governor remains surly, but says that it is not necessary to bother Gowron with this matter. Suspicions of the Klingons grow when Worf finds traces of Klingon DNA on the station. But when the governor arrives, he brings with him not only Morag, the Klingon officer who harassed the station, but also Aquiel Unari, whom they claim they found fleeing in a shuttlecraft...

The identity of the true killer is only mildly surprising if you have not seen too many old horror movies. **(5)**

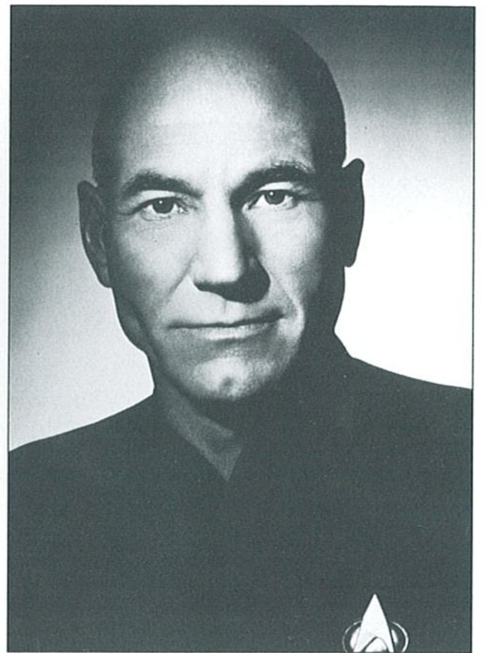
14)**Face of the Enemy** 13th February 1993
Teleplay by Naren Shankar; Story by Rene Echevarria; Director Gabrielle Beaumont; Music Don Davis.
CAST: N'Vek (Scott MacDonald); Commander Toreth (Carolyn Seymour); DeSeve (Barry Lynch); Robertson Dean; Dennis Cochram; Ensign McKnight (Pamela Winslow); Computer (Majel Barrett)

Geordi gets the girl, now Deanna gets nasty; what could be next? This episode reminds us that Spock is a part of the 24th century, and is therefore available to The Next Generation films as well as the TV series.

Deanna Troi awakens in a darkened room feeling groggy and disorientated. She calls for lights but the computer does not respond and she gropes for her bedside light which is not in the proper place. Once she turns on a light and looks in the mirror, she is stunned to see a Romulan face staring back at her. She is also on a Romulan ship, and is warned by the first officer, N'Vek, that there is little time to brief her because the commander will soon demand to see her.

She remembers that she was attending a psychology conference on Beccara 6 when she was drugged and abducted. N'Vek says that couldn't be helped, they were not sure she would come voluntarily. She must be Major Rakal of the Tal Shiar and order the Commander to set course for a particular heading in the Kaleb cluster without answering any questions as to her mission. Troi wonders whether the Commander will obey her, but N'Vek simply warns her not to push the Commander too far. To seal her co-operation he warns her that unless she does as he says she will be discovered and killed.

She is summoned to the bridge to meet Commander Toreth, a veteran officer who clearly has little time for the Tal Shiar, the Romulan security service. Toreth demands to know the nature of the cargo Rakal has brought aboard her ship and threatens to open the containers herself. Troi realises she is in a fight for her life and turns on the insolent commander. She orders Toreth not to touch the cargo and not to question her again. The Commander's only concern should be to get her to the Kaleb sector.



The crew of the Enterprise have no idea that Troi is missing and are on a journey to pick up cargo of their own.- a Starfleet officer who defected to the Romulans twenty years ago has managed to reach Federation space in a scout-ship and must be collected. Riker greets him with barely disguised hostility and is not impressed when he insists on seeing Picard. But the former ensign, DeSeve tells the Captain that he carries a message from Ambassador Spock, which involves further 'cowboy diplomacy'. Recognising the phrase, Picard accepts that the message is genuine. DeSeve says that Spock wants the Enterprise to divert to the Kaleb sector to rendezvous with a Corvallen freighter in twelve hours and collect its cargo. He admits that he was ready to come home anyway and did not do so purely to aid the Ambassador's underground efforts on Romulus.

Troi's empathic powers allow her to realise that the crew of the warbird are terrified of Major Rakal and the power she represents. A prominent Romulan Senator and two of his aides are in stasis in the containers. The Vice-Consul had questioned the oppressive activities of the Romulan hierarchy and, facing arrest, agreed to test out this possible escape route. Troi asks if there is a real Major Rakal and is told there **was**, but she was killed so Deanna could take her place. Only a member of the Tal Shiar could divert the vessel, and if anything goes wrong they will need a Starfleet officer, though he will not tell her why.

They intend to rendezvous with a Corvallen freighter and transfer Deanna and the cargo to it for the journey to Federation space. She must now dine with the senior officers and endure further questioning from the Commander, who reveals that her own father was carried away in the night by the Tal Shiar for a few harmless words of criticism, never to be seen again. Troi warns Toreth that she needs only her obedience, not her devotion.

The warbird encounters the freighter, but Troi senses that the Corvallen mercenaries do not intend to keep their word. She tells N'Vek that they are lying and he immediately opens fire on the freighter, destroying it, and tells the outraged Commander Toreth that Major Rakal ordered him to do so...

Besides Troi's new face, Worf sports a new hair-do suggested by Michael Dorn, which is a compromise between his previous page boy cut and the wild rock star look favoured by most other Klingons. Worf now has very long hair neatly contained in a leather strap at the back, giving him a long ponytail.

Carolyn Seymour returns for a third appearance as an alien, having previously been another Romulan Commander in *Contagion* and a friendly scientist in *First Contact*. She so successfully portrays a military officer's contempt for the Romulan Gestapo that the wonder is how the Empire maintains control of its fleet.

This story sets the stage for further contact with Ambassador Spock, but one must wonder whether the Romulans are not influencing Spock himself. It is difficult to imagine the old Spock sanctioning the murder of Major Rakal!

N'Vek is played by Scott MacDonald, also seen under make-up in DS9's *Captive Pursuit*. Barry Lynch plays DeSeve, who gets a chilly welcome on coming in from the cold. **(9)**

Kathleen Toth